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Love's Offering

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MRS. E. M. McLEOD.

Love's Offering

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

MRS. E. M. McLEOD

*Wife of Rev. James McLeod, Pioneers
and for many years residents of
Laingsburg, Michigan, now
of Bakersfield, California.*

1900.

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Love's Offering.

How often love an offering brings
While busy time is on the wing.
Sometimes it is a costly gift,
Which gold alone has power to lift:
But often 'tis a little flower
That bloomed in shady nook or bower.
Or yet, perhaps, a leaf of green
The first in early spring time seen.

If love but prompts, whate'er the gift,
Though large or small it helps to lift
The heart above all earthly care,
And helps us each one's part to bear.
If love be absent, gifts are vain,
For love alone can break the chain
Of coldness, selfishness and care
That binds and keeps us prisoners here.

This simple lay, love's offering,
Is all that I can ever bring,
The simple gifts, so truly mine
Daily offered at the home shrine;
And in return I ask you all
To heed the Savior's loveing call,
Accept the gift He freely gives
Accept His love—believe and live.

Our Ship.

Far away on the ocean of time
 A gallant barque, with a look sublime,
 Is bounding gaily o'er the billow.
 Graceful as a bending willow.
 Whither goeth this noble ship?
 As o'er the wave she gaily skips,
 Catching her breath at every gale,
 Fully expanding her widening sails.
 Beautiful vessel, so lovely to see,
 Whither goeth she over the sea?

What is she laden with—who can tell?
 Memory answers, "I know too well."
 She is freighted with treasures for young and
 old,
 Treasures that cannot be bought with gold;
 Love's precious gifts, and joys unsung,
 And sorrows' tears from sad hearts wrung:
 Treasures from God, so wisely given
 Have been returned for safe-keeping in
 Heaven.

Her offerings she gives as she sails along,
 To one a tear, to another a song.

How long saileth she over the sea?
 Till the seasons have passed to eternity:
 Each one laying her treasure down,
 Till autumn comes with golden crown,
 Then the snow-flakes begin to fall,
 Saying they are the last of all,
 Covering the bier of the past with a pall,
 Weaving a mantle of love over all.
 Precious garland of treasure given,
 But the best of all are garnered in Heaven.

A wonderful thing is this gallant barque.
 Sailing along in the light or dark.
 The helm must be held by a Father's hand,

His loving voice must give command.
When the seasons have rolled around,
And Christmas anthems again resound,
We in our hearts begin to sigh
For the days, weeks and months about to die.
Tenderly, lovingly falleth our tears,
For the name of our ship is the Dying Year.

In Memoriam.

God takes the Christian mother home,
When all her work is done,
Rejoice that she is victor crowned.

The victory is won.
Life so full of toil and pain,
For mother now is o'er.
A welcome she has gained
Upon the other shore.

Then children smile and dry your tears,
Forever with the Lord.

The promise He has given
To all who trust His word.
Like her they toil and pray and wait,
And patiently endure.
And children's children too shall find
These promises are sure.

Oh! wonderful, the entrance gained
Within the pearly gate,
If we could catch a single glimpse
Our rapture would be great
Her cup of happiness complete,
Yes, more than satisfied,
She waits her loved ones now to greet
Upon the other side.

What Shall We Do?

What shall we bring in our hands to-day,
For the boys who are laid by thousands away
From the sight of Mother and Home, so dear?
And their number increases year by year;
Shall we bring sweet flowers as they do to-day
To deck the graves of the blue and the gray?

They did not go with the sound of the drum,
With ringing of bells and music's hum;
They did not go with banners so bright,
To pass from our homes like gleams of light;
What shall we do for our boys, to-day,
Who in sorrow and shame were laid away?

Shall we shed, o'er the graves, hot scalding
tears,
To mark the record of passing years;
And then go away to our homes again,
Without a thought of the cruel pain,
In the mother's heart must linger yet—
For the fate of the boy she can ne'er forget?

Shall we gather flowers for the blue and gray,
And only leaves for the drunkard's grave?
Say, what shall we do with the passing years
So linked together with shining tears?
Oh, Memory! in silence entwine,
A mother's love with love divine.

Then let them rest in silence too,
While we live on there's work to do,
To teach the boys, who live to-day,
This noble truth—"Vote as you pray;"
Then when God calls our boys away,
We'll deck their graves with the blue and
the gray.

Loveing Hearts and Friends.

We thank thee, Heavenly Father,
 For the gifts thy kindness sends.
 But more than all, we thank thee.
 For loveing hearts and friends.

'Mid scenes of joy and sorrow
 When clouds and sunshine blend,
 'Tis then we feel the influence
 Of loveing hearts and friends.

Grant us, our Heavenly Father,
 Where'er our footsteps tend,
 Hearts to ever praise thee,
 For loveing hearts and friends

Whither Bound?

Whither bound, to heaven or hell?
 Sinner, can you, will you, tell?
 Forward! is our cry to-day;
 Sinner, will you go or stay?
 Come and share the joys of heaven;
 Sinner, will you be forgiven?

Whither bound: O stop and think
 Ere you down to ruin sink.
 Jesus calls, he calls to-day;
 Sinner, why will you delay.
 Come to Jesus Christ and live,
 He is ready to forgive.

Whither bound! Oh, hear that cry!
 Sinner turn, why will ye die?
 Hark, the voice of mercy crying,
 See the purple fountain flowing!
 Sinner, will you, will you come,
 And find in Jesus peace and home.

Onward to Victory.

No backward step has been taken,
No retreat has ever been known;
Persistently, earnestly praying,
Our trust in Jehovah alone.

So the years have been slowly advancing,
Each one with a story to tell
Of the seed we've been steadily sowing,
The record—by Angels—kept well.

And now the God of the harvest,
Who has watched o'er the seedling with care,
Who has heard the faint cry of His children
Who has treasured each tear-drop and
prayer,

Is urging us onward to victory,
Is filling our ranks every day,
With men who stand up among men,
And dare to vote as they pray.

So brothers and sisters stand firm,
In union alone there is strength;
The rallying cry is now heard
Throughout our whole country's length.

The signal fires have been lighted,
The watchword is passing along,
Inspiring each heart with fresh courage,
To fight this our nation's great wrong.

Great God, give us wisdom we pray thee,
And "Light" in our darkened way,
May no false step e'er be taken,
As onward we hasten to-day.

Yes! on, and to victory, brothers
In actions do just what you say;
Have faith in your efforts, my brothers,
And dare to vote as you pray!

The King's Business Requires Haste

Haste, haste! for the Tocsin is calling;
 Brothers arise, for the foe is so near,
 That—listen—the sound of his footsteps
 Out on the night air, so plainly we hear;
 Yes, he is coming: to arms—then to arms!
 Go forth with fresh courage to meet the
 dread foe,
 Remembering, dear brother, the women are
 praying,
 And God will be with you wherever you go.
 Fight, fight! for your homes are in danger.
 And all that is dear to affection and love:
 Your freeman's proud heart will not deign
 to surrender
 The chains which now bind you to Heaven
 above;
 Yet the foe is now coiling the serpent around
 them,
 And gladly would tighten them now in its
 folds:
 So hasten, dear brother, and work for Amend-
 ment,
 Bringing joy to fond hearts and peace to
 households.
 Go with your banners and music resounding.
 But hold in your hand the weapon so true:
 A wee bit of paper, with "Yes, for Amend-
 ment,"
 This place in the ballot box, bravely to
 For the eyes of the children are watching.
 to-day.
 To see what the fathers will do,
 So hasten, dear brothers, the bugle is sound-
 ing,
 And calling for you, your duty to do.

What Can I Do?

I cannot form a star,
Or make it shine,
I cannot trace a flower,
With tints so fine.
The harp that I would bring
Has broken strings.
I'm like a wounded bird,
That cannot fly, but sings.
There's music in my soul
But oh! it discord makes
Yet I never can control
The echoes that it makes.
Then take this broken lyre
Dear Saviour mine,
And touch anew the strings
With love divine.
That only sad and weary ones
Can hear the whispered tones,
That I can sound for other
Hearts, than mine alone.
I would not music make
For those who sweetly sing
They can their own work do,
Their offering bring.
Yet I can do something
Dear Lord, for thee,
Wilt thou not make it plain
So I can see
The way, and walk therein?
Let me do something
Some one to win
To paths of virtue
From paths of sin.

Lena.

Beautiful Lena, lying so still,
Calm as a lily that floats e'er the rill,
Sweet was thy influence, lovingly felt.
Oh ! how our hearts now in tenderness melt ;
We know thy spirit has flown away home,
Where neither sorrow or sickness can come.

Patiently waiting, months passed away,
But peace, like a halo, o'er thy quiet face lay;
Thy heart was at rest, thy peace made with
God,
In quiet submission the valley you trod;
The Saviour was with thee, his hands o'er
thee spread,
Kept from thee all doubting, darkness and
dread.

"My peace like a river" flowed into thy soul,
Keeping the deep waters under control.
Causing thy heart to be glad and rejoice
While waiting to hear thy messenger's voice;
But first God took baby sister away,
While you tarried here another short day.

She uttered a prayer, then triumphantly said :
"I see, dearest sister, bright forms 'round my
bed,
An angel is here with the baby I love,
Will you meet me, I'm going to heaven above."
The Savior himself stood lovingly by,
While she breathed forth her life without
even a sigh.

Distant Murmurs.

Hark! what is that sound?
 Borne on the southern breeze.
 List to its echoes now,
 Breathing through orange trees.
 'Tis the voice of loved ones
 Gone from us afar,
 To fight for our freedom,
 Our stripes and our stars.

Oh, many a heart string
 Is vibrating now,
 And throbbing with anguish
 For loved ones laid low.
 And many a hearth-stone
 Is dreary and lone,
 For husband and father
 Friends—brothers are gone.

Potomac's bright waters
 Flow gently along,
 Not deigning to chant
 A funeral song,
 For the brave ones who fought
 And bled by her side,
 For the brave of our land
 Our brothers who died.

A low murmur comes
 From mountain and sea
 From far distant hill-tops
 From wild Tennessee.
 'Tis a murmur of sorrow,
 'Tis liberty's moan,
 Oh God save our country
 For freedom, they groan.

Whence cometh that sound
 Now flung to the breeze
 From cities and towns
 Through tall forest trees?
 'Tis the voice of the people
 Now shouting aloud,
 Three cheers for—Abe Lincoln
 The honest and good !,

Lullaby.

The sunlight is fading,
 The night's coming on,
 The shadows are falling,
 The daylight is gone.
 Hushaby, hushaby, sink into sleep;
 Angels around thee their kind vigils keep!

Thy feet have been running
 So swiftly all day,
 Like summer clouds chasing
 Each other away.
 Hushaby, hushaby, baby so sweet,
 Till morning hours hasten our darling to
 greet.

God's blessing attend thee,
 And guard thee from harm;
 His arm to defend thee,
 No fears need alarm.
 Hushaby, hushaby, angels shall keep
 Watch o'er my little one—sleep, gently sleep.

The Open Gate to the Twentieth Century.

Sisters, see the warning light,
As the years pass from our sight;
'Tis a century's dying gleam,
Passing from us like a stream
Of golden sunlight, bright
And beautiful with deeds of right;
All the clouds have rolled away,
See the dawn of coming day.

Grant us courage, Lord, to wait
To see the century ope its gate;
Let us not falter by the way,
But lead us to victory day by day;
That cry now heard on every hand,
For God and home and native land;
Our work of love so world-renowned,
Will then by God be glory crowned.

Hear the sound of little feet!
Hear the songs of joy that greet!
Babyhood stands here to-day,
Asking us to clear the way
For their tender feet to tread
Whereso'er our feet have led;
For the children now we plead.
Help us, Lord, to gently lead.

Then when victory shall be ours,
When with songs and blooming flowers
We shall celebrate the day,
That for which we toil and pray,
Children's children then shall lead,
This will be joy indeed;
And their thoughts will often be,
Grandma prayed for victory.

Onward move with tears and pain,
 For our toil is not in vain;
 Ye that labor in the Lord,
 Shall receive a just reward;
 Fourteen years—how short the time!
 Brother haste, fall into line;
 Sister do not fail to see
 The dawning of a century.

LAINGSBURG, July 30th, 1886.

Spring.

Spring has come! I feel its breath
 Touching every living thing,
 Waking as if from sleep of death,
 Heart and voice with gladness sing.

O, I love the merry spring,
 With its beauties ever new,
 And the tiny blades of grass
 Richly gemmed with morning dew;

And the little sparkling rills,
 Murmuring sweetly as they flow—
 These I love and sloping hills,
 Where bright golden blossoms grow.

I love the shady woodland dell
 Where grows the bright forget-me-not—
 In whispers soft it seems to say,
 Sister, thou'rt not forgot.

There the humble violet blooms,
 And the lilly of the valley—
 These all in gentle accents teach
 A lesson of humility.

Rain.

Welcome, welcome, gentle rain
We have waited long in vain
For thy cool refreshing showers,
To revive the drooping flowers.

Greatfully our thoughts arise
For this favor from the skies;
Can it be that angels weep,
Or comes it from the mighty deep. .

We will not the mystery solve,
But gladly let our thoughts revolve
Around the source of every good
And perfect gift bestowed.

Then, patter, patter, gentle rain,
We love to hear thy soothing strain,
The tender grass, flowers, fruit and grain.
All gladly welcome thee again.

A Royal Gift.

Cold water, cold water, the gift of a King,
Why may we not drink it, be happy and sing?
It gives pleasure to youth, and also to age,
We read of its fame on every fair page.
Cold water, cold water, the gift of a King,
Let us all drink it—be happy and sing.

It gleams bright with joy, and healing it
brings,
Our voices will tune, and its praise we will
sing.

Ever grateful to thee, our Father above,
For giving so freely this gift of thy love.
Gold water, cold water, the gift of a King,
Let us all drink it—be happy and sing.

So freely the stream of salvation is flowing
For all who will drink of its life-giving spring:
It flows to all nations, 'tis flowing for thee,
And it reaches far out to the isles of the sea.
The water of life—the gift of a King,
Let us all drink it, be happy and sing.

The Cup of Life.

Is this thy loving hand
That holds life's cup?
Shall I, the erring one,
Drink it all up?
I see beneath its depths
Sparkles of joy and love.
And happiness on earth
Akin to that above.

Rainbow hues of mercy
Blend their colors bright,
But ah, within its depths
I see the hue of night.
Father shall I refuse
To take this cup
And with thy strength'ning hand
Drink it all up?

Help me each passing hour
Firmly to stand
And hold life's mingled cup
With steady hand.
We know a Father's hand
Fills to the brim
With what is best for us—
Then trust in him.

In Memory of the Heroic Dead.

Scatter the flowers over the graves
Of our true and brave-hearted dead,
The grass of the valley over them waves,
Bright with the beams the morning sun shed;
Yes, scatter the blossoms, emblems of love,
Felt for the casket enshrined in the tomb,
The jewel is safe with its Maker above,
While we walk alone 'mid shadows and
gloom.

Lightly, tread lightly, over the dead.
And scatter the flowers hands of love have
prepared,
God will treasure the tears you silently shed,
For by Him all our feelings of sorrow are
shared;
In mercy we know our cup oft is filled,
The bitter and sweet oft mingling in one—
If God holds the cup, not one drop is spilled,
For in love He chastens his sorrowing ones.

God grant that our nation never again
May call for her sons o'er mountain and
strand,
To fight for our freedom, our victories to gain,
And lay down their lives for our dear native
land;
Peace reigns in our borders—in peace with
the world,
In union with all may our nation long dwell,
May our banner now rolled be never unfurled,
Except over wrong, our triumph to tell.

Treasures of Earth.

Tiny little treasures,
God has to us given,
Precious little gems,
Brighten them for Heaven;
Sweetest little buds,
Gently ope their leaves
And rear the little flowerets,
To deck the Master's sheaves.

Stars of hope and beauty,
Shining in our home,
Little rays of sunlight,
Making light the gloom;
dew drops bright and pearly,
Keeping fresh our love,
Jewels that may glisten
In our crowns above.

Who will buy these treasures?
No buyer need to come
With misers horaded measurs
Or all the wealth of Rome;
For only can the angels
Come and carry them away,
To dwell with Jesus ever
In happiness alway.



Our Harvest Song.

Tune, "Wait for the wagon."

Come, thrust in now the sickle,
 The grain is ripening fast,
 The summer sun is shining,
 And sleeping is the blast.
 Come, hast thee, noble farmer,
 And gird thee for the toil,
 God smileth on your labors—
 Fruit springeth from the soil.

CHORUS

Work for the harvest, work for the harvest,
 Work for the harvest, all ye sons of toil.

The golden grain is waving,
 How lovely 'tis to see;
 How glorious are these summer gifts
 God giveth unto thee;
 Then gird thee for the harvest,
 Nor think the day too long,
 But cheerfully and pleasantly
 Oft cheer your toil with song.

Work for the harvest, &c.

Go work ye in my vineyard,
 The Master calls to-day—
 The fields are now whitening,
 No longer then delay;
 For soon the Master cometh
 To gather in the sheaves.
 And pluck the ripening clusters
 From 'mid the falling leaves.

Work for the harvest, &c.

We think we see the dawning
Of that bright, glorious day,
When all life's golden harvests
Are safely stowed away;
Angels shall join the chorus,
Of that glad, "welcome home,"
Where heavenly joys are waiting
The harvesters to come.

Work for the harvest, &c.

Thanksgiving Song.

O how the hymn we raise
Filled with a nation's praise,
Our notes prolong.
With one united voice
Let all our hearts rejoice,
Author of all our joys,
Accept our song.

The harvest sun has smiled,
The hand of God has filled
With gifts of love.
We thank thee for thy Son,
Our Savior, king in one,
The victory he has won
He reigns above.

Our banners now are furled
In peace with all the world
Our nation stands.
Long may our eagle's flight
All glorious and bright,
Be on the side of right—
God bless our land!

Fifty Years Ago.

Fifty years ago to-day,
Love stretched her wand and showed the way
That you should walk through life together,
'Til death those bonds of love should sever.
You gaily walked a-down life's path
O'er fields of joy with many a laugh
At thorns and cares, that checked thy way,
Yet brought you to this Golden day.

Fifty years of joy and sorrows,
Looking towards the glad to-morrows,
That ever comes to hopeful souls
As surely as the sea wave rolls
From shore to shore—so you
With flowers of Hope and Love so true.
Have patiently toiled along the way,
And lived to see this Golden day.

Fifty years—have passed away,
And many mile-stones by the way
Have marked the eras of wood and tin,
And where the silver age begins,
But now you've reached the golden stage.
Filled with histories of life's fair page;
Pure as crystal may the memories be,
Thrilling your hearts with their melody.

Fifty years—no children then,
Now they number only twelve,
Grown to man and womanhood,
Nobly through life's storms have stood,
But on this eventful day
Their children 'round thy armchair play,
O're the past a shadow rests,
Three are numbered with the blest.

Oh Golden day! Oh! Golden year,
Rich the treasures that you bear,
Not golden gifts alone we bring,
But children's voices sweetly sing
The thoughts our lips refuse to tell,
With gratitude our bosoms swell
To God—the giver of all good,
Who by your side has ever stood.

And still will lead—'til one by one
You pass away—your work well done;
Then on that bright and Golden shore
Where loved ones meet to part no more,
This happy group again you'll find,
For love each golden link will bind;
Eternity alone will tell,
Your record—"All is well."

Grandma's Christmas Song.

Children hear the merry bells
Ringing over hill and dell
Telling us of Jesus;
Telling us the story old,
Once by happy angels told,
Of the infant Jesus.

Bring your gifts and join the chorus,
Bring a wreath of love to Jesus;
Give your hearts to Jesus,
Praise him, love him, serve him too
This the work for you to do,
Work for loving Jesus.

Go Work in My Vineyard.

Laborers of Christ, arise !
And gird thee for the toil,
Look ye upon the field,
All ready is the soil.
Go scatter forth the seed,
In every favored spot:
Let not the distant corners
Of the vineyard be forgot,

Faint-hearted, weary, worker,
No longer drooping go.
Renew your strength in God.
Arise, begin to sow;
Untold the snowy napkin
From talents hid-den there,
Go use them for the Master,
Within his garden fair.

When the dews of early morning,
Silently, softly, weep,
Or evening, s gentle zephyrs
Lull the bright flowers to sleep,
Still labor for thy Master;
Earnestly toil and wait;
Then gather thy bundle of sheaves
To lay at the Master's gate,

For, soon the angel reapers,
Will gather the harvest home,
And songs of joy will welcome
The weary ones to come.
Go forth; the Mater calleth,
Go: for the field is white,
Go: for the willing worker
Is well pleasing in his sight,

Coming.

The glorious time is coming
When Christ the king of kings,
Shall with the holy angels
Make the whole welkin ring;
For Christ our Lord is coming,
The victory He has won,
And now as king in glory
He'll sit upon His throne.

Our glorious king is coming,
Coming with pomp and power,
Coming with the holy angels,
We may see Him any hour.
The signs of prophecy are ending,
Yes, the latter day is near;
Christian, is your lamp now burning
For the bridegroom to appear?

Yes, our dearest Lord is coming,
Coming as—he went above—
So in clouds of light descending,
He will welcome those He loves—
Will you give a joyous welcome—
To this Christ—our Lord and King,
Will you with the angelic chorus,
Notes of victory sweetly sing?

Then remember—now 'tis dawning
That blest time for which we wait—
Labor on—'til His appearing,
Toiling early—toiling late,
Then when're the trumpet soundeth,
Though it call for you to come,
You can give a joyous welcome
To the sound that calls you home.

In Memoriam.

The young and the gifted
Must pass from our earth,
For God would give them
A far higher birth;
In that land where all
Is lovely and bright,
And no torturing pain
The spirit can blight.

Where the mind can expand
And the fancy take flight,
And revel in wonder
Amid realms of light;
And the voice with angels
Keeps ever in tune.
For the heart will keep young
Where 'tis always noon.

Shed tears, then, dear mother,
For thy gifted boy;
But let not thy grief
Thy peace destroy.
Look upward to Jesus,
O, children of God!
Keep close to His side,
Passing under the rod.

O, the wonderful meeting
Of loved ones in heaven,
When all of earth's ties
By God have been riven!
Be patient, then, dear ones.
For soon it will come,
The thrice welcome signal
That calleth us home.

Willing Workers.

Ho! workers in Christ's vineyard.

Prepare the soil to-day,
Well water it with tears,
And dont forget to pray.
For soon the Master cometh,
His laborers to review,
According to thy labor
Thy wages will be due.

But if you longer tarry
And loiter by the way
Until the golden sunlight
Shall shed its lingering ray
Upon the pile of sheaves
By other reapers brought,
While thou, Oh! trembling soul
Hath toiled for naught.

What wouldst thou do Oh, christain,
If the Master then should come
And sound the well-known signal
Of welcome harvest home?
When each will give his record
Of good he has done here;
Wilt thou stand idly sighing,
Thy record only tears?

Up, up, then christian worker,
E're it be too late
To gather a bundle of sheaves
To lay at the Master's gate.
Faint, yet still persuing,
Let this our motto be
Wherever the Master calls
A willing worker be.

Song of The Autumn Leaves.

List to the song of the autumn leaves
As they fall at the touch of the evening
breeze;

'Tis the saddest song of the year they sing,
Telling us time is on the wing;

That swiftly passeth the summer hours,
The wild bird's song, the blooming flowers
And the song of the leaves as they softly
fall,

Tell us that winter will come to us all;
The song of the leaves as they fall to the
ground

Tell us in a soft and melancholy sound
That spring time is gone and summer is
ended,

The crimson and gold with brown are
blended;

Then roses bloomed on the garden walks,
Now naught is there but withered stalks:

List to the song which the leaflets sing,
Up yonder, 'twill be eternal spring;

Beneath the leaf a germ is hidden,
A new life starts from its stem unbidden,
The dead leaf falls and the new leaf comes
Bidding us hope for eternal bloom;

Within us lives an immortal part,
Filling the casket with soul and heart;

A life giving impulse to us is given,
It thrills with the thought we shall live in
heaven.

Life let us enjoy through winter and spring
Cheering our lives with the song we sing;
Like the leaf let us do our own little part,
And send the blood tingling to some sor-
rowing heart,

Making them grow and thrive like the trees
So we in our turn may be ministering
 leaves;
Then the song of the leaves as they gently
 Fall,
Will sing only of hope and joy to us all.

The Rose of Prohibition.

Higher, Higher let us climb,
Up to yonder heights sublime,
For our cause, oh, God is thine,
 The cause of Prohibition.

Like the Alpine traveler dare
To reach the Edeileiss so rare,
Who would not this floweret wear?
 The rose of Prohibition.

Purity and hope—we see,
Emblem, God, of life in thee;
Help us to gain the victory,
 The seige of Prohibition.

Grasp the tiny floweret tight,
Tie with ribbon purest white,
Thus the W. C. T. U. unite
 With final Prohibition.

The Rift In The Clouds.

So long the clouds of sorrow
Has darkened all our land,
Shading o'er the sunlight
Of many household bands.
So long the cry of anguish
Has filled our hearts with grief
As woman's cry and infant's moan
Appealed for sweet relief,
Our hearts and eyes are heavy,
We cannot see the light,
Although between the cloudlets
There is a rift so bright.

Help us Oh! God of heaven
To see the coming dawn;
Cheer up desponding hearts
So weary and forlorn.
Help us to watch for signals
Of victory, in the air
Help us to pray with courage,
Help us to do and dare.
For God; the God of victory
Is leading on the hosts
Of temperance men and women
Our country's pride and boast.

Once more the cry of battle
Falls on our ears to-day,
Go forth, ye christian manhood,
Vote for our homes, we pray.
Let not the evil conquer
Clasp brothers hands to-day
Unitedly to labor
Till right shall win the day.

The women still are praying
With hearts filled with delight
For Oh! we see amid the clouds
A little rift, so bright.

"Abba Father."

"Abba Father," hear my cry,
Let me feel thee ever nigh,
Feel thy loving arms entwining;
Feel thy hand forever guiding.
Father, let me be thy child,
Make me humble, pure and mild.

Heavenly Father, take thy child
Out of sin's dark, dreary wild;
We, alas; our sins confessing,
Would receive thy fullest blessing,
Love, and peace, and joy divine.
Would be Lord, entirely thine.

"Abba Father," sweet the thought,
By the blood of Jesus bought,
Love divine all love excelling:
We thy gift of love receiving
Would thy happy children be
Here and through Eternity.

A Winter Scene.

Jack frost has been out
On a frolic all night,
And lo! what a change
Brings the morning light;
The trees are all covered
With a net work so bright,
They quiver and laugh
O'er their new found delight;
From each crispy stem
Hangs a sparkling gem,
As bright as the stars;
In night's diadem
Can we find any trace
Of sadness here?
From each glistening leaf
Falls a silent tear;
But hark! notes of joy
Now fall on my ear,
'Tis the robin rejoicing
That spring is so near;
Jack Frost's nimble-fingers
Must hasten to weave
These bright scenes of joy
That no traces leave;
But, spring, welcome spring,
Her sweet balmy breath,
Bequeaths to the flowers
A perfume in death;
So farewell chilly winter
Thy pleasures decay;
Fit emblem of life,
It is fading away.

Weary.

"I am weary of waiting,"
 Said an aged, dying one,
 "I am weary of waiting
 For Jesus to come.
 I am treading the valley,
 But Oh! not alone,
 For Jesus is leading me
 Safe to my home.

"I am weary of waiting—
 So long seems the way—
 The messenger tarrieth—
 Oh! why the delay?
 I am weary of watching
 The shadows at play,
 I long for the sunlight
 Of Heaven's pure day.

"I long to be praising
 In raptures so sweet—
 I am longingly waiting
 The summons to meet.
 I long to be resting
 At Jesus' feet,
 Forevermore joining
 In anthems so sweet.

"I long to be standing
 Near the Golden Throne,
 And feeling at last
 I am really at home.
 There, crowning my Saviour
 With glory, alone,
 Singing praise forever
 At "home, sweet home."

A Child's Faith in Jesus.

I cannot go to Sabbath school
To sing with them today,
For the angels they are beckoning
And calling me away.
I know 'tis Jesus calling
I'm not afraid to go
For you know you told me mother
That Jesus loved me so.

Then tell my little schoolmates,
I cannot come today
To join their festive pleasures
So happy, blithe and gay.
But tell them "I love Jesus
To Him I'll surely go,"
For you know you told me mother
That Jesus loved me so.



The Summer Land.

A mother told her story
Of the treasures God had given;
Two had grown to manhood,
Two had gone to heaven,
In the Summer Land.

'Twas right," she said, "the Saviour
Had carried them away;
In fairest, greenest pastures,
Forever they will stay,
In the Summer Land."

Oh, who can tell the glory
That breaks upon their sight—
What heights and depths of knowledge
Shall fill them with delight,
In the Summer Land.

We cannot speak the measure,
Of peace and love they feel;
We cannot speak the wonder
Of joys that o'er them steal,
In the Summer Land.

Yes, they gaze upon the Saviour,
Beauties they have not known
Shall fill their souls with rapture;
In him is heaven alone,
In the Summer Land.

There we shall meet our loved ones,
Here we must patiently wait,
Until, with joy, they greet us
At heaven's open gate,
In the Summer Land.

Fifty Years Ago.

Fifty years ago to-day,
Love stretched her wand and showed the
way,
That you should walk through life to-
gether,
'Til death those bonds of love should
sever.

You gaily walked a-down life's path,
O'er fields of joy with many a laugh;
At thorns and cares, that checked the way
Yet, brought you to this Golden day.

Fifty years of joys and sorrows,
Looking towards the glad to-morrows.
That ever comes to hopeful souls;
As surely as the sea wave rolls
From shore to shore—so you
With flowers of Hope and Love so true,
Have patiently toiled along the way,
And lived to see this Golden day.

Fifty years—have passed away,
And many mile-stones by the way
Have marked the eras of wood and tin.
And where the silver age begins.
But now you've reached the golden stage
Filled with histories of life's fair page;
Pure as crystal may the memories be.
Thrilling your hearts with their melody.

Fifty years—no children then,
Now they number only twelve,
Grown to man and womanhood,
Nobly through life's storms have stood,
But on this eventful day
Their children 'round thy armchair play;

O'er the past a shadow rests,
Three are numbered with the blest.

Oh Golden day! Oh, Golden year,
Rich the treasures that you bear,
Not golden gifts alone we bring,
But children's voices sweetly sing
The thoughts our lips refuse to tell,
With gratitude our bosoms swell
To God—the giver of all good,
Who by your side has ever stood.

And still will lead—'til one by one
You pass away—your work well done,
Then on that bright and Golden shore,
Where loved ones meet to part no more,
This happy group again you'll find,
For love each golden link will bind,
Eternity alone will tell,
Your record—"All is well."

Victory Over Death.

Gently fades the setting sun,
Another Sabbath day is gone;
Twilight deepens into gloom,
Silence reigns within the room,
For the angels near are hovering,
And a mother dear is dying,
She is almost home.

"Yes. I know I'm going home,
And the angels soon will come.
Yes, I hear the chariot wheel,
And the chill of death I feel.
My feet have touched the narrow stream.
Oh, how short the journey seems—
I am nearer home."

"Oh, why tarriest thou my Lord?
I have trusted in thy word,
Even in my childhood's years
I mourned for sin with bitter tears;
Jesus I love thee; stand by me,
Through death itself my refuge be,
Come take me home".

"Jesus, I'm coming, coming, come;
Dear angels take me home;
The pearly gates I soon shall see,
The tree of life now blooms for me,
Fountains of love for me are flowing.
Over the river soon I'm going,
Yes, I'm going home."

"Father, Mother, Alice wait,
I soon shall see the open gate,
Sister and neighbors don't forget
The friend you loved; without regret

I bid my husband, children dear,
A kind farewell, without a tear.
Happy, happy home."

"Soon the struggle will be o'er!
Soon I'll reach the other shore,
Angel voices now are praising,
Sing, my friends, the echo raising,
Jesus, with my latest breath,
I'll shout—Victory over Death.
Home, yes, sweet, sweet home."

Tennie.

Many years have passd away,
Since Tennie drooped and died,
And yet it seems but yesterday,
We laid her by the side.
Of her darling little one;
Who just awhile before,
Upon an angel's bosom
Entered the open door.

How beautiful the morning,
How brightly shone the sun,
When Tennie said, "Im going,
My earthly work is done,
How long I have been waiting,
Slowly wasting away;
Waiting to hear the summons,
'Come child from earth away.'"

E'en than the light of Heaven
Shone bright upon her brow,
She felt her sins forgiven,
She loved her savior now.

Then turning to the man of God,
Who silently sat there,
She simply murmured "pray."
And solemn was the prayer.

"Only one crossing now, mother,
Then I'll enter the open door,
And see my own sweet darling,
And the loved ones gone before"
When with brightly beaming eye,
And gently waning breath,
She passed away so silently,—
How blessed such a death.

So trustingly she waited
With faith's bright beaming eye;
"Don't cry," she said, "dear mama,
I'm not afraid to die,
And oh, mama, how sweet the thought,
The door is open wide,
And I can quickly enter in
Upon the other side,"

A Living Scroll.

I shall be there to make up the scroll,
When the Lord shall call for his own;
I shall answer the roll call of Heaven,
When Jesus shall sit on his throne.
For Jesus has written my name,
So plain on the palm of his hand;
And Jesus will know me I'm sure,
When among the white robed I stand.

Then sing children, louder to me
As I pass o'er the flowing tide!
Perhaps I shall hear the echo
As I walk on the other side.
Where the loved ones now are gathering,
I hear their welcome tone;
They make me feel their presence,
I know I'm not alone.

Sing: "We shall gather at the river,
"Other refuge have I none;
"I shall shine as the stars forever,
"I will wait till my change come."
Thus sang and talked our mother,
While we stood weeping by;
Then she asked us to sing together,
"Pass me not," and "Sweet bye and
bye."

When she called for Nora and Viva,
Prayed God to bless her boys!
Told them to remember children,
And gave them words of joy.
Clasped the hand of loving sisters,
Took a farewell look of home;
Then again was heard the whisper,
I can wait! The Lord had come.

Suffer Them to Come.

How kindly in his arms
The little ones he took; .
He pressed them to his heart
And words of kindness spoke.
While proud men stood around,
And wise ones questions asked,
Nor ever stopped to think
That he was overtasked.
Still when the trembling mother
Brought her little ones from home,
He kindly on her smiled,
Saying "Suffer them to come."

If Jesus when on earth
And burdened with our sin,
Could open wide his arms
And clasp the children in,
Shall we stand coldly by,
With ne'er a word of love,
To cheer them on the road,
That leads to joy above?
Rather let us welcome them
To share our heavenly home,
And tell them of the Savior's words,
Saying "Suffer them to come."

He Giveth His Beloved, Sleep.

At evening when her work was done,
She dropped her earthly dress;
Trusting alone in Jesus' blood,
And his own righteousness;
Then closed her eyes in slumber sweet,
To wake at early dawn
And hear the welcome summons,
Come, weary child, come home.

Surely the message never came
To one so glad to go;
Her cup was filled with bitterness,
As well as deepest woe;
Patiently she bore it all,
Trusting a Father's hand
Would lead and guide the weary feet
To our Emanuel's land.

Sleep on, beloved one, sleep on,
No earthly sound shall wake,
Or mar the quiet rest—
Thy suffering body takes,
Thy spirit also rests
Upon the Savior's breast;
Oh, may we meet above,
And be forever blest.



Not a Song nor a Story

We wrote a rhyme, a jingling thing,
About the startling points of spring,
Wherein we spoke of what we loved.
And what, perhaps, our anger moved.
'Twas not a *song*—our modest pen
Places *such* things, above our ken;
'Twas just a puff of empty air,
Born of a thought and perished there.

But, ah! how oft an idle thought,
Expressed in words, has mischief
wrought;
So ours called out a sharp reproof,
Which, while we answer—stand aloof.
Spring arn't a maid—its of the year
A part, which brings the summer here:
And though it has its pleasant features,
It is filled with the most disgusting
creatures.

And yet, forsooth, if one can't see
A heaven within a lilac tree;
Fly into raptures over flowers,
Or dwell in amaranthine bowers;
Or hear the sighs and sobs of spring,
That timid, tearful maid—poor thing;
Why, he's a vain and foolish man,
And wont act pretty when he can.

Now, if our love for flowers prevails, ♡
And we but loath toads, snakes and
snails.

Why should we quarrel with the man
Who cant love roses as we can?
Was not the frog and flea and flower
All made by one creative power?
Then judge not, lest, alas you be
Found wanting quite as much as he.

Be Brave.

"Sisters, be brave," a sweet voice said,
While lying on her dying bed;
"Sisters, be brave, and dare to do
The work I long have wished to do."
These words were uttered far away,
Where daylight holds so long its sway;
Far, far above these mountain tops
When evening comes, the daylight drops.

Far up above these rocky heights
A city stands, whose twinkling lights
Tell of thousands toiling there,
Exposed to sin's most wily snare.
For these she wrought, and nobly died,
While we stood firmly at her side,
Doing her bidding; thus she led
Until we saw her lying dead.

How deep the grief of husband, daughter;
How great the love of all who knew her,
But none more faithful kind and true,
Than sisters of the C. T. U.
Ring out the words, then, o'er the land:
To every W. C. T. U. band:
"Sisters, be brave, and strive to do
The work I now must leave to you."

Old Year Farewell.

Old year, farewell! Thy work is done;
One hour alone remains
For thee to tell thy tale; but one—
But one alone remains.

On silent wings thy hours have flown.
So richly freighted o'er;
Memory, kindest friend alone,
Can cull its sweetest flowers,
And lay them fresh and green away
To cheer our hearts another day.

Old year, farewell! Thy race is run,
And ere another sun
Shall brighten up the coming dawn,
The new will be begun.
Thy fondest smiles—thy sweetest tones
Mingled with sorrow's tears,
On Memory's tablet, there alone,
Laid by for future years,
Will come unsought some other day,
To tell us what has passed away.

Old year, farewell! Thy tolling bell
Will soon in solemn tones
Proclaim thy funeral knell—
Thou wilt, alas, be gone.
Earth's loved ones only linger here
Till their short work is done;
Then why should thou, old dying year,
Sigh to leave us alone?

We too will soon be called away,
To spend a long, eternal day.

Old year, farewell! The minutes haste.
Quickly thy fleeting breath—
Tell us the end is near; at last,
'Tis gone; can this be death?

Farewell! I fain would linger here
 To breathe a silent prayer!
 Be thou, O, God, our guide this year—
 Shield us from every snare,
 Be thou our hope—make bright our coming day,
 'Til earthly scenes with us have passed away.

Waiting For Spring.

The cold winds of winter
 Have tarried so long,
 We are weary of waiting
 For the spring to come;
 The winds have been sighing
 A requiem low,
 Over the winter
 And frosts as they go.

How gladly we hail
 The first breathing of Spring,
 And list to the bird notes
 Of joy as they sing;
 Hoping still hoping
 The flowers will come,
 To gladden and brighten
 Our earthly home.

The winter of life,
 Ah! soon 'twill be gone,
 The spring time of glory
 Then surely will come.
 There blossoms of love
 Will eternally spring,
 And glad songs of praise
 Forever will sing.

The Blessed Dead.

They died at their post, how nobly they
fell
The record here given its story will tell.
They through the heat and burden of day,
Yet cheerfully worked— not forgetting to
pray
That God who unseen is watching o'er all
Would hear their request, and the seed as
it falls,
Has been watched o'er and cared for by
angel hands,
Who do at his bidding the work he com-
mands,
Through trial and pain they have finished
their toil
And deep are the furrows prepared in its
soil.
The tears they shed—the seed they have
sown
And their labors, the Master surely will
own.
The deeds they've done—the words they
have spoken,
Form a link in our history ne'er to be
broken.
Their children still live, and by services
done
Prove that faith doth descend from fath-
er to son.
An influence felt, though by us unseen
Keeps their love in our hearts and their
memories green,
May their mantle of toil rest upon all
And their charity cover us each like a
pall,

Hiding the faults which in each we shall
 find,
 Keeping the golden rule ever in mind,
 Children of God go work, pray and wait
 Ever keeping a bundle of sheaves at his
 gate
 Who when the Master shall open the door
 Our labors—shall have gone on before,
 When he shall say—the race ye have run
 Accept ye the crown—the victory won.

Dollie.

An old gray mare owned by Rev. James McLeod, for over nineteen years, was shot as an act of mercy to old age—being 22 years old. She had traveled thousands of miles to meetings, weddings and funerals.—Faithful “Dollie” goes not to her grave un-sung:

A faithful servant's work is done,
 No more beneath the burning sun,
 Or cruel storm, with solemn tread
 She'll lead the pathway of the dead.

No more with cheerful, gentle neigh,
 Stop at each school house by the way;
 The snow falls silently over her grave—
 Where the summer grass will gracefully
 wave.

Still, all through the winter and summer of life,
 Although weary with toil and worldly strife,
 Kind memories of thee will cling to us
 as yet;
 Thy faithfulness, Dollie, we'll never forget.

A Story—Or Spring's Appology.

We sing of Spring, her presence to woo,
Little thinking, alas, the mischief we'd do;
For Spring, timid maiden, shrank back in
disgrace.

And for many a day would not show her
face;

But thinking the bright side of things the
best,

She smiled through her tears, then with
still greater zest

The sun brightly shone so loving and
warm,

That winter, stern winter, fled away in
alarm.

Now Spring, fickle maiden, is here once
again,

And myriad voices from hillside and plain,
In their fullness of joy, sounds forth notes
of praise,

But vain, foolish man has no song to raise
In token of love, to the Creator of all,

Who sees e'en a sparrow, tho' gently it fall!

Shall we, then, his creatures, refuse thus
to sing,

And express our delight at thy coming, O,
Spring?

Though long I have waited, I come with
good cheer,

And promise and plenty throughout the
long year;

I am weaving bright garlands hill and
valley around,

And blossoms are scattered all over the
ground.

My work I am doing, though silent and
slow—
Then keep faithfully sowing, in time it
will grow;
And when summer has come and spring
work is done,
Your hearts will rejoice at the harvest
begun.

Home.

Cozily nestling under the shade
Of the tall old forest trees,
Where the sunbeams bright
Chase the shades of night,
And the green leaves dance
In the summer breeze.

Brightly the glancing moonbeams
quiver,
And the sky lamps twinkling shine,
But no more bright
Are the stars of night
Than one casket of gems
In this home of mine.

Happily then in this home of ours,
Time's wing richly freighted with joys:
Our heart's burden light,
No shadow of night
Can mar our peace
Or our pleasures alloy.

Joyfully let us life's chaplet weave
A garland tinged o'er with love;
If earth yields such sweets
Oh, what rapture complete
Will be ours, when we meet,
In yon bright home above.

The Story of the Bells.

Merrily jingle the bells to-day,
Ringing a silvery wedding lay,
For 25 years have passed away
Since first they rang on a wedding day.

Since first love joined your hearts to-
gether,
And welded them well they have clung
together
Through all kinds of scenes, and wintry
weather,
Never to part on earth—no, never.

Love has brightened your daily path,
And children are sitting around your
hearth
Making home happy with joyous laugh,
Voices of song and careless mirth.

But oh! I hear through the silvery tone
The bell is ringing, a saddened moan;
For a chair is sitting all alone;
You mourn a lovely daughter gone.

The years have gone, another bell
Sounds on one's ears, a funeral knell,
Our father lies in silence there,
Oh! God of heaven, our burdens bear.

Help us to hear the tolling bell
Of time. Its story tells
Of heaven—where we may dwell
Of God, who doeth all things well.

The Bells of Time.

Merrily jingle the bells of time,
Our footsteps keeping perfect time,
As onward we move each day and hour,
Constantly guarded by heavenly power,
Unseen angels around us shine
With heavenly music keeping time.
While we listen in vain to hear
The music of the moving spheres.

We only hear the bells of time
That with joy and sorrow perfectly rhyme.
And touch our hearts with keenest smart,
Or make them thrill with joyous dart.
We listen with joy to Sabbath bells,
And christmas-tide with joyous swells,
But sadness sits upon each brow;
The funeral bell is tolling now.

Oh! could we hear those bells of time.
And submissively bow to the will divine,
That causes to vibrate every tone
And make the harmony his own.
Can you not trust him, dearest friend,
Who causes all those sounds to blend,
And watches o'er us constantly,
Mere atoms of humanity?

So when his touch but jars our hearts,
Causing the bitter tear to start,
Because he saw it good to move
Some object of our dearest love
As Nellie, who, in the midst of play,
Silently passed from earth away.
Let us listen to hear the call,
Coming, sooner or later, to us all.

My Work for Jesus.

Is there no work for me
Within thy vineyard. Lord?
Do I not often feel
My inmost spirit stirred?
As listening I hear thy voice.
Go work, my child, to-day.”
But doubtingly I stand,
Still failing to obey.
Why is it that my eyes
Seem darkened—blind—
Can it, dear Lord, be true,
That I no work can find?
No wreath for me to twine
To deck thy brow,
No sheaf for me to bind,
Down at thy feet to throw.
Some silent work to do,
Unseen except by thee
Who watches o’er the deed,
Expecting fruit from me.
Oh, yes; I’ll gather leaves
Wherever they are blown
And twine them into wreaths
To cheer some weary one.
I’ll work in hidden corners
Ruth-like I can glean
The falling stalks of grain
By others left unseen.
I’ll search among the vines;
Clusters lie under the leaves;
This offering I can bring,
While others bind the sheaves.
I’ll whisper words of love,
A silent influence lend;

And kindly acts perform,
For enemies or friends.
I'll tune my voice to notes
Of sweetest song
To praise thee, as I live
And labor on.
But if my voice is silent,
And unstrung my lute,
I'll make my thoughts and pen
A willing substitute
In winning souls to Christ,
In service, Lord, for thee,
These living sheaves be thine
Throughout eternity.

Spring Beauties.

The birds have come
From their leafy homes
In the sunny south far away;
And cheerily singing
The trees among
So happy, and blithe, and gay.

Snowy white blooms.
Tell of fruitage to come,
Hiding away 'neath the green.
Silently bursting,
Leaf buds unclosing,
Blossoms of beauty are seen.

Lost and Found.

Fair were Eden's bowers,
Before the blight of sin
Had touched the human heart,
And left its sting within.
A jewel from our hearts
In Eden then was lost,
And we, in sin's dark hour,
Were tempest tossed.
For years the loss was felt,
The world was drunk with sin;
And righteousness and peace
Dwelt not the heart within.
E'en mercy shrank away,
But ever hovered near;
To save the world some day
From ruin and despair.
For God is the God of truth,
His word can never fail
And justice over all
The earth prevails.
His love to us so great,
He sent his only son,
To expiate for crimes
A sinful world had done.
A wicked, cruel death,
He suffered on the tree,
Then filled a new-made tomb,
And rose triumphantly.
Oh! miracle of mercy!
That e'er such love was given
To save our sinful race
And make us heirs of heaven.
Oh! precious, precious thought;
Our sins are all forgiven;
We can enjoy on earth
A foretaste e'en of heaven.

Oh! miracle of wonder,
In yonder fountain's light,
The jewel lost in Eden,
Is shining clear and bright.
So pure and bright it shines,
Cleansed from all earthly stain,
Emblem of the human heart,
Made pure and white again.
Oh! wondrous story of his love,
Now to all nations given,
The jewel lost on earth
Was treasured up in heaven.

Where Oh! Where?

Where, oh, where, when my dying breath
Ebbs away in the gasps of death,
Where, oh, where, shall my spirit go,
To endless joy, or ceaseless woe?

How beautiful now is life to me.
Thy glory, God, in all I see.
My heart is bound with cords of love
Reaching up to realms above.

Fain would I enjoy life's scenes,
But light beyond o'er my spirit beams.
Something tells me that far away
Is a home where darkness never stays.

Within the bible—precious thought—
Are words by inspiration wrought;
Telling of Heaven—home of the blest—
There, oh, there, shall my spirit rest.

Father gently lead me along;
Prayer in my heart; on my lips a song;
Blessed assurance, God's word tells
To the dying soul, "All is well."

Our Past and Future.

A night of darkness is passing away,
 I see the glimmer of coming day;
 So dreary and dark, so cold has it been,
 No ray of sunlight the shadows between,
 Yet all the time I've been waiting at
 home

Wishing the morning of joy would come.
 Startling with fear, and an unknown
 dread

Wishing I were but asleep with the dead.
 Craving the sympathy felt but not heard,
 weary and sad, like some pinioned bird,
 Over the waves of life's dark sea,
 Longing to spread its wings and be free.

Has there been in the darkness no ray of
 hope,
 Nothing to make us glad and look up?
 Have the years flown by on noiseless
 wings

Widening the light with their shadowings,
 Through the air heard no lingering
 sound;

Oh, yes; many an echo has true love
 found

Within our home wreath many a blossom
 Burst from the leaflets and slept in our
 bosom.

Shedding a fragrance of love around,
 Filling the air with jubilant sound.

Think not that the years flitting silently
 by

Have left on the scroll no name; but a
 sigh.

The sky of our future is gemmed with
stars.
And the rainbow of hope is studded with
flowers.
we'll think of the past, but with no re-
pining,
Remembering each cloud had a silver
lining.
Long may our home bark sail smoothly
along,
With hope for our anchor and love for
our song;
Shunning the rocks that endanger the
way,
Asking a blessing from God each day;
Folding the lambs of the fold in our arms,
Shielding them all from satan's alarms,
Safely at last on yonder bright shore,
Each life-boat be moored to sail no more.

Our Easter Lilly.

A pure white lily, Lord we bring,
It is our Easter offering.
Its fragrance rare has filled our home,
But now, dear Lord, we humbly come
And lay it at thy feet.
In silence, Lord, we breathe our lay;
Our flowers are wet with tears to-day,
We know thy chastening hand in love
Has taken our pure gift above,
Our lily pure and sweet.
Help us to say thy will be done,
While traveling here on earth alone.
And let our Easter anthem rise,
As loving incense to the skies,
Our lily fair to greet.

I Am Thinking Of Thee.

I am thinking of thee, my boy, to-night,
On that distant mountain, where
The pure white snow in the pale moon-
light,
Mirrors back the dark shadows there;
Thy home is on the mountain side
'Neath the music of the waterfall,
Where the rude wind blows the leaves
aside,
And the echoes answering call.

I am thinking of thee, my boy, to-night,
As I watch the old year die,
And I think of those days so happy and
bright,
Fond memory brings them nigh;
When you were with us, so happy and gay,
The pride of our humble home,
But to-night thou art far, so far away,
The mountain side thy home.

We miss thee, we miss thee, my boy, each
night,
When the stars in the heavens are twink-
ling so bright,
We listen to hear thy horn's sweet strain,
And wonder if e'er we shall hear it again;
We know the echoes sound sweetly, when
They sound from the rocky mountain's
glen,
But never so sweet will the echoes fly,
As when Mother and Jessie stood listening
by.

I think of thee ever when shades of night
Chase away the beautiful bright sunlight,
For then you are tired, though the work
you do

Brings copper, silver and gold to view.
Still it tires the body, and saddens the
heart

Then you think, oh; how far apart
I am from those who love me true,
And you wonder then if we're thinking
of you.

God bless thee, my boy, is my prayer each
night,

And it always makes my heart more light
To think that our father who watches o'er
all,

And knows e'en when the sparrows fall,
Will watch over my boy, in his mountain
home,

And o'er his footsteps wherever he may
roam,

But remember, my boy, a mother's love
Will endure till we meet in heaven above.

Time's Changes.

The landmarks now are falling.

The pioneers are passing away,
The milestones, white and shining.

Are no longer seen to-day.
For time has not been idle,
Great changes have been wrought;
Steam stands with bit and bridle,
And lightning wings our thoughts.

Far off upon the prairies
Steam guides the plow along,
And only on the woodlands
We hear the plowman's song.
The forest trees are leveled
And fashioned into poles,
To hold the tiny wire
That our whispered words control.

So many are the changes
In the last one hundred years—
For time, the patient worker,
Has no time for sighs and tears.
But only in our hearts
These memories remain,
And cause the wish to start:
Oh! for old times again!

And when the old folks meet
To talk of other days,
When they with patient hope
Trod o'er the untried ways
Of pioneers; when these forest glades
Rang with the wild birds' song,
And in the dark and gloomy night
The wolves and owls the sound prolong.

Our children's children listening,
Hear the tales that thrill them so,
And memory delights to dwell
Upon the scenes of long ago.
When through these maple groves
The red man left his trail,
As along our gentle rivers
He sought for fish and quail.

And far into the forest
Hunted for nobler game,
The deer, and shaggy bruin,
Until the white man came
To till the soil, and make them homes
In comfort to abide,
While the Indian wandered o'er
The Mississippi's tide.

We love to see the old log house
Where dwelt our honored sires,
And mother in the corner sat
And knitted by the fire.
Where children ate their apples
And cracked their nuts and jokes,
While father, in the old arm-chair,
The back-log gently pokes.

And, oh! the lovely rambles,
To gather nuts and flowers;
Those were indeed the merry days,
In this busy world of ours.
Old things will pass away,
The new must take their place;
Yet the cup of moss is sweeter
Than the pearl-white crystal vase.

The music of the spinning wheel,
And the graceful forms of girls,

As they back and forward step,
Are not seen in this busy whirl.
Yet there's a noble work,
For our sons and daughters too;
To make music in the hearts of men;
This is the work to do.

And in the distant future,
When they shall nobly stand
As pioneers in the work
That will save our native land;
When God and Temperance shall be
Inscribed among the stars so bright,
And then the banner of the free
Will be free from every blight.

A Spring Morning.

A brown-eyed little maiden
Was walking through the lane,
When she spied a little flower,
And thus her sweet refrain:
"You darling little flower,"
As bending down she said,
"How came you peeping up,
From out your little bed?"
And on she quickly ran,
So eager to get more,
But tripping, down she fell,
Upon the grassy floor.

Oh, bright-eyed little maiden,
Thus all through your life,
You will stop to gather flowers.
And oft amid the strife
Of coming days and years,
You will wonder at the cup

So often mixed with tears.
 But through life's ways look up.
 Your Heavenly Father's hand,
 Who makes the gentle flowers,
 Will guide your tender feet
 To armanthine bowers.

The Army of Protection.

Listen to the distant tramping:
 Nearer, nearer, yet they come;
 'Tis the army of protection,
 Coming to protect our homes.
 Listen, comrades, to the voices
 Of your brothers who are slain—
 Not by swords or flying bullets,
 But by whisky's deadly reign.

Listen to the cries of children,
 Listen to the widows' prayers,
 Weary with their constant pleadings.
 Silent now, but bathed in tears.
 Men of God, why longer wait;
 See you not these ruined homes,
 Calling loudly for protection,
 Tarry not, but quickly come?

Come and join this noble army
 Of the brave, and tried, and true,
 Side by side—move closer, brother—
 Room for more—there's work to do.
 Save our homes, our girls and boys,
 All that makes life dear to us,
 God of victory, courage give,
 And let them be victorious.

Leadville's Welcome to Grant.

When long ago you went away,
You never thought to see this day,
To travel to these mountain heights
And witness here with keen delight
What has been done, where forests stood
In lonely pride. A city now in babyhood
No longer stands. For on her brow
She wears the wreath of manhood now.
And here your brothers waiting stand
To give to you the welcome hand.
Here where snow-clad mountains raise
To heaven; when silent hymns of praise,
Here where flowers of every hue
Within these silent gulches grow,
Here where streamlets rushing flow
O'er the rocky bed below.
Here where birds with plumage bright
Warble their songs in the clear sunlight.
Here where the clouds roll in masses
 strange,
O'er the distant heights like another
 range;
And rainbows spanning the distant hills.
The heart of man with rapture thrills.
Here where echoes ever live,
And answering echoes backward give
A sense of life, in the regions sound,
Breaking the silence so profound.
And the moon and stars so much nearer
 seem,
That we feel the warmth of the moon's
 pale beams;
The pine trees wavering to and fro,
Murmur a welcome wherever you go.
In this wonderful city so full of men,
Rushing along the tide to stem,

The miners who are growing old
With the toils and care of finding gold,
And vet'rans true, now growing gray,
Who stood by your side in battle array,
All hasten to welcome the soldiers true,
Some dressed in gray, and some in blue.
Men of all nations, and religions, too
Welcome you here, with warm hearts too;
Vet'rans who stood by our side in war,
And fought for our homes, our stripes
and stars.
You who have traveled the wide world
'round,
Never a truer welcome found
Than this, in the city above the clouds,
Where men from the South and North
had bowed.

Children's Voices.

Chide not the children's voices,
Ringing so loud and clear,
Nature herself rejoices,
In the springtime of the year.
And life to them seems joyous,
Each year seems but a day.
Oh! that these happy voices
Might never pass away.
How dreary would our life be,
But for those sounds so dear,
And yet they're ever changing,
With each swiftly passing year.
Babyhood will change to manhood,
Manhood to ripened age,
So swiftly do we measure
Changes on life's fair page.

The music of their voices
 Still echo in our hearts,
 The patter of their footsteps
 In fancy oft will start.
 When in the distant future
 Far, far away they roam,
 'Tis then we'll miss their voices,
 And long to call them home.

To Belle.

May blossoms bloom around your path,
 Scattering their fragrance rare;
 In such abundance may they bloom
 That others, too, may share
 Their sweetness, and their lovely hues
 Be emblems of the giver, too.

May sunshine fill thy gentle heart,
 And hope her rainbow fling
 Across thy path, when shadows full,
 Or pain's sad cruel sting
 Shall cause thy soul to thrill,
 Then humbly say, it is God's will.

May loving friends be ever near.
 To cheer the passing days;
 But if in loving kindness
 God takes our friends away,
 Think not that down beneath the sod
 Their souls must lie; their spirits go to
 God.

May love, and hope, and sympathy,
 All their influences lend,
 To soothe thy loving heart,
 And flowers their perfume blend,
 To cheer, with cheerful bloom,
 Thy pathway to the tomb.

Farewell to the Old, and Welcome to the New.

Can it be the year has ended
And its weight of toil and cares
All its joys and sorrows blended
With its wealth of smiles and tears?
Fare thee well. Old year, farewell.
Slowly tolls thy funeral knell.

Can it be? Ah, yes; I feel it—
All its scores of pleasure fled;
Loving friends and dearest kindred
Now are numbered with the dead.
Fare thee well. Old year, farewell.
Our hearts will keep thy history well.

Welcome, welcome, New Year's morning,
Birthday of the coming year,
Let no solemn note of warning
Fill our hearts with dread and fear.
But with smiles of hearty welcome
Joyfully we bid you come.

Welcome, welcome, life's rich blessings
Will be scattered o'er our way.
Let us then, with songs of welcome.
Greet this happy New Year's day.
Father—God—we crave from thee
Bounteous gifts for Seventy-three.

A Poem.

We have planted to-day two tiny trees,
Only a promise of what will be
When they grow a noble and goodly sight;
And their branches wave in the bright
 sunlight,
And the children play in their cooling
 shade,
But we to our silent rest are laid.

The boys then will have grown to be men,
But will remember the time the long ago,
 when
They planted the trees by the school-
 yard gate
Our temperance work to celebrate.
And memory will bring to view
The simple badge of red, white and blue.

We began our work in weakness and
 love,
With firm reliance on our Father above,
Who has kindly watched over our little
 band,
And granted success on every hand.
Only one of our number has passed
 away,
And we miss his voice in our songs to-
 day.

Let these trees ever an emblem be
Of our temperance work, as silently
They in their strength and beauty grow,
Ever ascending from earth below,
So we in our influence over this band,
Should lead them upward, firmly to
 stand.

On the side of right, truth and love,
 Giving all honor to God above,
 Afar in the future memory will weave
 A garland of flowers, and hid with the
 leaves
 Are the principles taught in our band to-
 day,
 To keep our children from going astray.

Bits of Suushine.

See in yonder woodlands,
 So beautiful and green,
 Little bits of sunshine,
 Here and there are seen.
 Making shadows brighter,
 Bringing out to view
 All its hidden beauties,
 And the flowers, too.

All along life's pathway,
 Whatsoe'er may come,
 Little bits of sunshine
 Lighten up the gloom,
 Rays of loving kindness,
 Little words of love,
 Leading thoughts so gently,
 Up to God above.

The author of all beauty,
 The sunshine and the shade,
 All that makes earth lovely,
 His loving hand hath made.
 So where'er the shadows
 Hide his loving face,
 See; these bits of sunshine
 Show his love and grace.

Forget Thee, Oh! no, Love.

Can I forget thee? Oh! no, love.

When absent, I'm thinking of thee,
And oft when thou art asleep, love,
My spirit is watching o'er thee.

CHORUS:—

Oh! can I forget thee, forget thee,
Can I forget thee, my love,
Can ever this heart love but thee,
But thee can this heart ever love.

When smiling and bright are the skies,
love,
And thou art at work on the lea,
And the birds' cheery music is heard,
love,
I list for for some tidings of thee.

CHORUS:—

And oft when I'm thinking of thee, love,
A leaf flitting by startles me.
I think 'tis thy footsteps I hear, love,
And my heart springeth outward to
thee,

CHORUS:—

Oh! then, do thou never forget, love,
One who, on earth loves but thee,
But think of that moment of bliss,
When in heaven, united we'll be.

CHORUS.—

Work for the Master.

Come, for the Master calls,
Work in my vineyard to-day;
Gather the ripened fruit,
But scatter the tares away.
Yes, let us work for Jesus,
Cheerfully, hopefully work.

Jesus, when here on earth,
Went about doing good;
His loving, simple words
Were always understood.

He gathered the little lambs,
Folding them to his breast;
He spoke to the weary ones,
Promising rest, sweet rest.

Surely this great example,
Is all we need to ask.
Strength he will give to labor,
He will lighten every task.

Come, let us work in the vineyard,
Daylight will pass too soon;
Work, with no other motive
Than to hear the sweet words, "well
done."
Yes, let us work for Jesus,
Cheerfully, hopefully work.

A Letter.

Boy of my boy,
Floydie so sweet,
How I wish grandma
With presents could greet
You on your birthday,
Yes, darling, I do;
I send you kind wishes,
And five kisses, too.

Away up in the cloudland,
In Leadville so bright,
Your dear little eyes
Last opened to light,
Surrounded by loved ones,
An object of love,
You came as a gift
From our Father above.

God spared your wee life
When we thought you must die,
Now dear little Floyd,
Can you tell me why?
It was to fasten a chain
Around each of our hearts
A chain of love that can never
Be sundered apart.

Go back to your home,
In that rose-perfumed land
Be the light and the joy
Of that family band,
When with father and mother,
And sister so dear,
Send grandma some kisses,
Each return of the year.

Lines.

The waves of affliction have beat o'er thy
path,
Over thy feet the waters have pressed;
All through the storm thy kind Father
hath
Kept close by thy side, strengthened
and blessed.

When the clouds scattered, and blue sky
above
Opened to view, and illumined thy way,
The wee little flower that grew in thy
bower,
Shed its perfume of love to brighten
thy stay.

It expanded in beauty which thy devo-
tion repaid,
And gladdened thy home with intelli-
gent love;
How sweet were his words as he playfully
said,
"There's room for you, mama, the
bright clouds above,"

Ah! Glennie has gone above the white
clouds,
His sweet little welcome will greet you
at last—
When the storms of this life is o'er,
And safe in the harbor your anchor is
cast.

Memorial Day.

Bring rosemary for remembrance
Of our soldier boys to-day;
We pinned it on their uniforms
When they gaily marched away.
All wearied with the conflict
How peacefully they lie,
'Neath the waving Southern holly
And the cloud-flecked Northern sky.
For their graves are widely scattered,
O'er the land that they have blessed,
The green mounds of our heroes
Link the East unto the West.

Our soldier boys rehabited,
Will come to us to-day;
Not with martial tread and beat of
drums.

And trappings blue and gray.
They are in the sifting sunshine,
They stoop down with the breeze,
We hear their spirits stirring
In the rustle of the leaves.
When fair blossoms we have scattered,
And our prayers we've softly said,
We receive their benediction
From the bending skies o'erhead.

A respite to the present,
The past comes forth to-day,
With sad and time-worn features,
In a capuchin of gray.
Ah! the years are grown so many
Since our loved ones lowly laid,
Ah! our peace was bought so dearly,
With the blood they freely paid.
How priceless was the harvest,
Which grim war did reap and bind.

Youth was gathered, manhood housed,
While age sat in the wind.

Yet hope doth sing most blithely,
In our saddened hearts to-day,
For we know the true and faithful,
With the Father live away.

Like the fragrance of the flowers,
Gently laid on hero breasts,
Rise the incense of their virtues,
And their present weal behests.

The sacred price of liberty,
Is not forgotten soon,
For the memory of our heroes
Is an everlasting bloom.

Musings.

As sunlight steals o'er mountain's brow,
So Father let thy spirit now,
Shine in my soul
Its influence warm my frozen heart,
Causing the shadows to depart,
My thoughts control.

Thus as the mount is gilded o'er
With sunshine, where 'twas dark before,
Now brightness rests.
So in my heart may peace and joy
Unmixed by sin's impure alloy.
Make me more blest

Then as the mountain firmly stands,
Though darkness steals over all the lands
It rests in thee.
May I, thy child thus calmly stand,
In joy or sorrow hold thy hand
So peacefully.

Rallying Song.

Come rally all our forces,
In union there is strength,
Come raise united voices,
Throughout the country's length.
Ring out the signal note,
Of victory nobly won,
When temperance shall prevail,
From dawn till setting sun.

Come rally round our standard
Of Prohibition, do;
There's victory in union,
And strength, and conquest too.
Unitedly to labor,
Is only to succeed;
In every good endeavor,
Union is what we need.

Come rally, brothers; rally,
For duty calls to-day;
The foe is always ready,
How can you then delay.
Yes, rally round our leader,
The good, and brave, and true.
His ensign—Prohibition—
Leads forth to victory too.

In Memory of Mr. Bowers.

At last, at last, our village bell
Has sounded forth a funeral knell,
One in the prime of life has gone
"From whence no traveler returns."
Will it be strange if we should say,
Who'll be the next to pass away?

How sad those tones; O! who can tell
The anguish which their echoes swell
Within the bosom of the lone,
The sad and widowed one,
And memory will often tell
When first was tolled our village bell.

Yet often as the leaflets fade,
Our dearest friends will oft be laid
Within the silent earth to rest
Folded the hands upon the breast,
Their work all done, angels will keep
Watch o'er the grave while they gently
sleep.



Vote For Prohibition.

TUNE—*Wait for the Wagon.*

A glorious time is coming,
 We see it from afar,
 E'er now we see the dawning,
 Of the Prohibition star.
 Its beams are penetrating
 Our States and Nation too,
 And victory is coming;
 My friend, what will you do?

CHORUS:—Vote for Prohibition,
 Vote for Prohibition,
 Vote for Prohibition,
 “When the glad day comes.”

Oh! listen to the tramping
 Of the little ones to-day,
 Their tender feet are marching
 To music's time along,
 When banners bright are flying,
 With mottoes firm and true,
 Our Loyal Legions coming,
 My friend, what will you do?

CHORUS:—

For God has heard the praying
 Of the women of to-day,
 And they are up and doing,
 And ready for the fray.
 Their happy voices ringing,
 Bring words of cheer to you—
 Two hundred thousand women—
 My friend, what will you do?

CHORUS:—

Memories of Home.

Walking among the shadows,
Around the orchard green,
Looking among the branches,
To see the sunlight sheen.
Cutting through the boughs
To let the daylight through ;
This is the only work
Our father now can do.

The trees that he once planted
In the long, long time ago,
When in the prime of manhood
He set them in a row;
When children in their gambols,
In all their boyish glee,
Followed him o'er the greensward,
To hold each tiny tree.

But now the boys are leaving
The well-known paths of home.
Striving in busy manhood
With other scenes to roam;
But never once forgetting,
Parents and sister dear,
Or the memories that linger
'Round the old hearthstone here.

Sorrow.

Even loves most subtle power,
Cannot equal sorrow's hour,
When the heart touch is so keen,
Nothing seems to come between.
Every heart-throb feels the pain,
Yet hope and joy will come again.

Rally.

Rally, brothers, rally,
The bugle calls to-day;
Make ready for the battle,
Do not an hour delay;
For the eneemy is working,
While you are idle still.
Then rally, brothers, rally,
And work with a noble will.

The women, too, are praying,
"For home and native land,"
That God would keep the tempter
From every family band.
Then buckle on your armor,
For there's earnest work to do;
So grandly forth to battle,
Until you meet the foe.

Remembering that the women
We left behind to pray
That God will give you strength
To firmly stand each day.
Go forth! the God of victory
Is with the weak to-day;
Go labor in His strength,
And the "right shall win the day."

Encouragement to Labor.

Work; for the Master tells us
To labor, pray and wait,
Work; for the night soon cometh:
When it will be too late.
Patiently toil for Jesus,
Gather your bundle of sheaves,
Grieve not the holy spirit
With nothing but withered leaves,

Work in whatever season
You can find work to do,
If for no other reason
There is so much to do.
The reapers are not in earnest,
They tarry until too late,
Then sigh because there is nothing
But leaves to lay at the gate.

Quickly obey the promptings
The holy spirit gives,
God calls for willing workers
Who in his service live.
Oh! hasten at his bidding,
Delays, the spirit greives,
And this is the reason why
you gather "nothing but leaves,"

The sweetest floweret often
Lies close beside your feet,
But oft with careful searching
Some fairer one you'll greet
Then faint not or be weary,
Your labors are not in vain,
Your sure reward will be
A bundle of ripened grain.

What Can We Do For Jesus?

Hark to the cry for help
Sounding from near and far,
It thrills through every heart
And deepest feelings stir.
What can we do for Jesus
By aiding with our means,
In those far distant lands
And future harvests glean?

Oh! there is work for Jesus,
Work that will fruitage bear,
The seed which now is sown
Will bloom in future years,
Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Do it in faith and love,
And thou shalt surely reap
A blessing from above.

The sound comes from afar,
From regions still beyond
Then harken to the cry
And with your alms respond.
Withhold then not thy gifts
God's voice is in the land,
An answer to these calls
He surely will demand.

Up then and work for Jesus,
Work with a heart and will
Letting all selfish pleas
Within our hearts be still,
Help us, our heavenly Father
To faithfully sow the seed,
Be thou our present help
In every time of need.

Joy Cometh In The Morning.

Great God! how kind thou art,
For so short a time apart;
Morning scarcely gone—'tis noon;
The messenger has come so soon,
So softly did the angels come,
We heard no footsteps in the room,
Yet they have borne our loved away,
To realms of everlasting day.

Shall we then weep and mourn
That angels hands have borne
Our loved away, on Jesus' breast
To enjoy a rest—sweet rest?
Our love can freely flow, and more,
Now they are safe on the other shore;
How sweet the thought that we may share
Such perfect love in that land so fair.

The good never, never dies, but lives,
And memory oft a token gives,
While we are still by tempest tossed,
To cheer us on to our loved and lost;
The good man sows the seed, and weeps
That he must wait so long ere time to reap;
But children's children yet shall share
The harvest which his work shall bear.

Toil then, ye servants of the Lord
And trust the promise of his word,
Toil with the full assurance given
That we shall meet our loved in heaven,
That when the Master calls thee home,
Thou wilt not tread "the vale" alone,
For "I am with thee to the end"
"Servant of God," "well done."

Semi-Centennial of The Baptist Church.

We have come to tell the story
Of fifty years ago,
When Tecumseh, in her glory
Of nature's virgin glow,
When hill and valley
And rivers gentle flow,
All joined to swell the music
Of fifty years ago.

For then the noble chieftain
And woman's dusky brow
Enjoyed those solitudes,
Where now the busy plow
Has changed the face of nature
To marts of commerce now,
And homes take place of wigwams,
This lovely valley through.

But time has brought great changes,
Old scenes have passed away;
Instead of red—pale faces
Greet our return to day;
The wild birds warble sweetly,
The river runs its way,
And the trees bloom forth in foliage
And flowers in bright array.

But a sound has broken the stillness,
On each Holy Sabbath day,
For a band of worshippers
Have met to praise and pray,
And as the years passed swiftly,
Each year and every day,
This band of earnest christians
Did not forget to pray.

We have listened to the records
Of work done long ago,
And listened to memorials
Read in solemn tones and low,
And art brought back the faces
Of loved ones, happy now,
And the eyes of faith looked upward
At the groups that gazed below.

With rapture on the meeting
Of friends and children dear
Who mingle their rejoicing,
On this Semi-Centennial year,
Could we but hear their voices,
Giving us words of cheer,
To labor without ceasing
'Til the next Centennial year.

Prohibition.

What is it that I see from afar?
It is the Prohibition car;
Its beacon light a shining star,
My Brother, O, my Brother!
It scatters beams of light around;
And hark; I hear its rumbling sound,
As on it comes with quivering bound,
My Brother, O, my Brother!

It brings good news from far and near,
It bids us hope and never fear,
And onward go with words of cheer,
My Brother, O, my Brother!
It tells us of the time to come
When in our land ther'll be no rum
To lead our boys to drunkard's doom:
My Brother, O, my Brother!

Then let us roll the car along,
 And vote for Prohibition Strong,
 And cheer our way with temperance song
 My Brother, O, my Brother!
 Make this the law throughout the land
 And every home a temperance band;
 Ring out the news on every hand,
 My Brother, O, my Brother!

Asleep in Jesus.

Rest, weary pilgrim, so sweetly sleep,
 No weary watchers kind vigils keep,
 So calmly sleeping on Jesus' breast;
 Rest, weary pilgrim, rest, gently rest.
 Soft was the pillow His loving hand spread
 Downy but soft was thy dying bed.,
 For Jesus was there, he suffered no gloom
 To enshroud thy path to the tomb.

Rest, aged pilgrim, thy life's work is done
 The victory gained the race surely won,
 Thy days all numbered, to return no more
 All that have passed to eternity's shore,
 Thine be the joy to arrive first at home,
 Feeling so sure thy loved ones will come,
 Mother, for thee, we will not shed a tear,
 But rejoice that to us, thy home is so near.

Rest, aged pilgrim: life's journey o'er,
 Waiting for us on the evergreen shore,
 Realizing fully anticipations of bliss
 Felt but not seen in regions like this.
 O! could we see thee in yonder bright sphere
 We would not recall thee, one moment here.
 Farewell then sweet mother, in Jesus sleep
 While safe in our hearts, thine image we
 keep.

Bury Me By The River.

Bury me down by the river
That flows so swiftly down
From rocky mountain summits
Where rests a snowy crown
That melts away in silence
But seems never to decay
For you can see its whiteness
Upon a summer's day.

Then bury down by the river
Away from the city's din,
In sight of the dear old mountains,
Away from those haunts of sin.
Alone, 'mid scenes of garndure
Let the pine trees o'er me wave
While the swiftly flowing river
Sings a requiem o'er my grave.

Ah! many a boy lies buried
Among the rockies wild,
And many a mother mourns
For her enthusiastic child,
Who wandered away for riches,
So young, so fair, so brave;
Only to find amid strangers
By the Arkansaw, a grave.

An Epitaph.

No monument of stone
Can tell our love for thee,
Fond memory alone
Can tell the mystery
Of filial love, God knows our heart,
How sad it was for us to part.

Home Angels.

Standing in the corner,
Sitting on my knee,
Eyes brim full of mischief,
Running o'er with glee.
Voice of sweetest music,
Singing songs for me.
Such my dear home angels,
Clinging to my knee.

Springing like the squirrels,
Shouting with delight,
Singing with the birdies,
Like themselves so bright
Full of life and action,
Mimic workmen, too;
Busy, ever working,
Learning something new.

Gently let us cherish,
These angels in disguise,
Lest the dark angel careth
To bear them to the skies.
Our hearts' sincere affections
Entwine them round to-day,
Then when the angel calleth
We'll bid thee haste away.

Lines.

Bury me near the soft cool stream,
Reflecting oft the moon's pale beam,
Where lillies grow amid shadows there,
And waft their fragrance on the summer
 air,
There I can sleep and be at rest,
'Til Christ shall call—among the blest.

The violet on its mossy bed,
May shed its odors o'er my head,
The primrose at the hour of eve,
May there its fragrant flowers leave,
But when I reach that blissful shore,
There flowers may bloom and fade no
 more.

The birds may there its silence break,
And tuneful echoes around them wake,
While seraphs on their Heavenly wings,
As through the air they lightly spring,
Will watch o'er my slumbering body below
While my spirit the glories of Heaven will
 know.

An Epitaph.

So let us ready be
To meet our friends above,
To enjoy the glad fruition
Of that bright home above;
May we never hear the word—to late,
To enter at the Golden Gate.

Out of Place.

Poor, forlorn little owl,
Say, why are you here?
You surely don't drink
Either whisky or beer.
Your place is the wildwood,
In its shadows you rest,
Your companions, the birds,
Resting snug in their nests.
Then why, little owl,
Are you sitting alone,
On the steps of the tavern
Where such business is done?
Are you a true symbol
Of work done within?
Are you truly a type
Of desolation and sin?
Oh! if you would only
Sound a warning each night,
And tell all our boys
Of rum's withering blight,
It will help them remember
Their promise to keep,
No matter if your voice
Be so solemn and deep.
Will you not do it?
Say, little one, say!
Help us, we pray thee,
Drive this monster away
Fly away to your nest;
In the tavern don't stay,
To witness the doings,
Each night and each day.
But if you just think,
There's a work for you,
Why then, let us hear
Your to-wit to-whoo;

In tones deep and earnest,
Tell the boys each night
To keep away from the saloons,
And dare to do right.

They Have Entered Into Their Rest.

They have entered the heaven of rest,
Prepared for the children of God,
Received the reward of the blest,
Oft promised in God's Holy word.

They died in their fresh dewy youth,
Passed calmly from earth away,
'Crowned with affection, goodness and
truth,
Words of love could not bid them stay.

Three summers the grass has grown o'er
The grave where dear Annie is laid;
And close by her side, mid the snow wreath
A grave for dear Agnes was made.

The seed they have sown is treasured above
It bringeth forth fruit even now,
And many a gem from their labor of love,
Now shines o'er the Savior's brow.

Then dry up thy tears, loving mother,
Their suffering and care now are o'er,
With joy they will welcome thee, father,
Where parting will come never more.

Decoration Day.

To-day: how solemn is the tread
Of thousands in our land,
As they visit the silent dead
From many a household band.
Tenderly, low, they bow o'er the grave,
To lay their offerings there,
But the costliest gift they leave
Is a warm and silent tear.

To-day: how many hearts will bleed,
Unseen by mortal man,
Silently mourning for their dead,
God only such secrets can scan,
So gently bow; God knoweth thy heart.
He only, true comfort can give.
Hopefully scatter the sweet gentle flowers
In our hearts their fragrance will live.

To-day: the saddest of the year
When memory opens the door
Of many-a buried sorrow
That time has not healed o'er.
Patiently bow to the will of God
Who chastens, but only in love,
To prepare us our loved ones to greet
In yon bright home above.

To-day: a nation mourns her dead,
True heroes who have died,
And fathers, brothers, lovers, lay
In slumber, side by side.
Cheerfully now our offerings we bring
Though damp with the tears we shed,
A halo of glory now shines
Over our sleeping dead.

To-day: in this centennial year,
 The world looks on to view
 The work a hundred years ago,
 We never had thought to do.
 Joyfully sing, with heroic ring,
 Though our garlands with heartstrings
 are tied,
 Our land is the home of the free
 Because our loved ones have died.

Our County Jail Is Empty.

"Our county jail is empty,"
 'Tis strange, the people say;
 What do you think has happened
 To mark the roundelay?
 Why, the women have been praying,
 And God has heard their cry;
 This then is the reason—
 And the only reason why.

God designs to here these prayers,
 Offered so earnestly;
 May every prisoner in our land
 As free from drunkards be;
 And homes long since benighted
 By this great, blighting sin,
 Ten per cent ope their portals
 That joy may reign within.

Song of An Invalid.

I am bathing in the sunshine,
 Breathing the breath of flowers;
 I am lying in the sunshine,
 Enjoying the morning hours.

I am gazing upon the landscape,
 Viewing this glorious scene,
 Ah! an aged friend exclaimed,
 "How Heavenly it seems."

I am resting in the sunshine,
 With nothing else to do
 But listen to the bird's notes,
 And in my heart sing too.

Ah, yes! I've work to do—
 I'm doing my father's will;
 Then why should I complain?
 Be still, my heart, be still.

Pleasure's Duties.

Earth's pleasures are fleeting,
 They vanish away,
 Like flowers in December;
 Or snow flakes in May.

Our school days are passing
 As quickly away,
 And oft in the future,
 Will wish they would stay.

Oh, prize then those hours,
 For time will not stay;
 And duties, like pleasures,
 Wait for no delay.

Let our motto be work,
The work of to-day,
Finding pleasure in duties,
Is the very best way.

Flowers.

Flowers, blooming everywhere,
Emblems of our Father's care,
Showing forth His wondrous power,
Making bright each passing hour,
Wisdom, beauty, love and grace,
O'er each little flower we trace.

Roses blooming everywhere,
In the garden. sweet and rare,
On the mountain, in the vale,
Blooming over hill and dale,
Fairest flowers—with sweetest breath,
Shedding fragrance e'en in death.

Lillies blooming everywhere
Teaching, God is very near,
Amid the purling streams they grow,
On its bosom blossoms blow,
The lilly of the valley blooms
And sheds its fragrance o'er the tombs.

Oh, the ministry of flowers,
Full of thought for waking hours,
Speaking oft in tender tone,
Striking cords whose slightest moan
Echoes back in hearts that love,
Precious gifts from God above.

Questionings.

What will the coming year bring
Of hope and joy and sorrow?
What will time on frightened wing
Have to give us tomorrow?
Sadly I ask the question tonight,
Will the coming days bedark or bright?

Swiftly will the arrows fly
From out life's well filled quiver,
Ere I reach the golden stand,
Beyond the silent river;
How shall I bear each quivering dart
As they pierce my soul with keenest
smart?

Shall I chafe and murmur now,
Shadows flitting o'er my brow,
Ever sighing, ever sad,
Naught to make my spirit glad?
Because I know in the days to come,
Pain and sorrow will enter my home.

Shall I not enjoy the while,
Nature's joys and God's sweet smile,
Ever learning something new,
Making other happy too;
Leaving the answer—Lord to thee,
Who will my friend and helper be?

An Epitaph

Rest, loved one rest,
So calmly on thy Saviors breast,
No more shall cruel pain distress,
In Heaven is perfect happiness;
Rest, loved one rest.

A China Wedding.

Twenty years! Oh! can it be?
The years have passed so silently;
So full of cares, and sighs and tears,
Yet joy has crowned full many a year;
Twenty years! Ah, yes! and yet
It seems but yesterday we met,
To pledge our vows,
And then, as now,
We promised in the years to come,
To make on earth a happy home,
So once again we start anew
Life's toilsome journey to pursue,
Well knowing that a Father's love,
That watches o'er us from above,
Will guide our little bark, and steer
To happier climes, without a fear,
So trusting Him, we hand in hand,
Will sail to our Emanuel's land;
But what is this that greets us here?
The birth-day of the twentieth year,
Since we first started out together,
Through sunshine and wintry weather!
But not alone we stand to-day,
For Nellie, blithsome, happy and gay;
Pledge of our love to us is given,
A little child, to lead to Heaven;
And friends unnumbered, too, are here
To greet us with their kindly cheer;
With gifts so beautiful to view,
And what is more, are useful too,
And flowers, and music, Heaven's own gifts
Are here to help our hearts to lift—
A song of praise to God above,
Who gives this wealth of human love,
And words of love, our hearts to cheer,
And hope, and joy, to crown the year;
God grant that till our journey ends,
We may be blessed with loving friends.

Sweet Faded Flowers.

Thy home is not here,
Then why hast thou strayed
From thy home on the hill side
Where our loved ones are laid?
'Twas to vibrate a chord, that so often
thrills
At the mention of one, loved dearly still.
The thoughts that are written
On memorie's tablet,
Oft sweeten and lighten
Life's bitter cup,
Of our babe dearly loved and so tenderly
cherished,
Of our beautiful flower, that so suddenly
perished.
Yet sad are the thoughts
Which thou bringest to me
Of a beautiful spot,
In the Bay cemetery
Where the birds carrol sweetly, and flow-
ers perfume;
Our loved one's retreat, the lone, silent
tomb.
Oh! why doth my spirit
Remain here so long? * *
Rather let it soar higher
'Midst a happier throng
With the angels to stay, in Heaven—her
home;
She weclomes me to her, dear MAGGIE, I'll
come.

Our Darling.

Beneath a grassy mound her body lies,
But angels bore her spirit to the skies.

To Mrs. W.

Sweet little birdie
Thither it flew,
Nestling so sweetly
A moment with you,
It silently whispered
Its loved tones to thee,
Then spread his light wings
Bright glories to see.

Tiny white flower
To brighten life's day,
It bloomed but an hour
Then withered away.
Its perfume still lingers
Around thy dear home.
In Heaven, it calleth thee,
Mother, dear, come.

So gently weep
Smiling through tears
Thy loved one's asleep
Secure from all fears.
Oh think of thy shining one
Waiting for the day
When Jesus shall call thee
And thy tears wipe away.

An Epitaph.

Watching and waiting I see them stand,
Plumes of victory in their hands,
Their faces are blooming with perfect love
And they beckon to us to join them above
Dear father and mother, yes we will come
And dwell with you ever, in Heaven, our
home.

Who Will Go.

Where is the woman's hand
To take up the broken thread
Of ribbon, in Mexico's land,
Laid down by the lovely dead?
Who will water the seed
With tenderest care and love,
Who feels pity for Mexico's needs,
Now Lola has gone above?

Yes, some one's heart will answer,
And some one's feet will go,
And some one's hand will gather
The women of Mexico,
And band them all together
In Unions of work and love,
To be watched over by Lola
In Heaven, her home above.

God pity our dark-browed sisters,
Who feel this accursed sin,
And send to them a helper,
A glorious victory to win,
Tell them the story of Lola,
Who loved her people so;
When dying, she told her lover,
"Send some one to Mexico."

Little Feet.

I am lieing on my pillow
Listning to tiny feet,
As they patter on the floor
And under the window seat.

I know it makes me weary
To hear them come and go,
But if I had no children
Oh! God, what would I do?

Then wilt thou not dear Father,
Gently guard these little feet
From going into slippery paths
Where sin and danger meet?

Then in that home so lovely,
When we walk those golden streets,
'Twill be so sweet to listen
To the patter of children's feet.

Bear Ye One Another's Burdens.

Oh, when the heart is weary,
And sad with human care,
Oh, when the heart is lonely,
And none our burdens share,
How sweet to lean on Jesus,
He will our burdens bear.

And when the shadows lengthen
And deeper waters roll,
'Tis sweet to hear the whisper,
Break on the inmost soul,
"Peace be still;" oh, storm tried one,
On me thy burdens roll.

And weary burdened sinner,
Thy heavy load of guilt,
Thou canst bring it unto Jesus,
He'll bear it if thou wilt,
He gave himself to ransom thee,
And bear himself thy guilt.

Kind Words.

Kind words, how seldom heard,
Although free to all,
Scattering, like the rose leaves,
Sweetness, as they fall.

Like the evening's cooling dew,
To the thirsty flowers,
So kind words will often soothe
Weary hearts like ours.

Who then would not whisper,
A gentle, loving word?
Through its kindly influence
The heart's depths are stired.

Loving tone and cheery,
For the weak and sad;
Encouragement and hope
The weary to make glad.

Sweet echoes from the kind words
Will linger 'round us here.
Sweet memories too, of kind acts
Will cluster 'round our bier.

Snow.

Emblem of purity, beautiful snow,
Covering the earth wherever you go,
Weaving a mantle of love over all,
Making for sin, a pure white pall.

Beautiful snow, a Father's hand
Scattereth freely all over the land,
Keeping the frost king from peeping too
deep
Under the sod, where the violets sleep.

Upon the mountain tops in niches unseen
Sparkling with beauty, by sun-light sheen.
Under the edge of the snow drift deep,
Beautiful flowers humbly peep.

Emblem of love and a Father's care,
Covering impurity everywhere,
Nourishing the earth in winter's cold
Beautiful snow, thy story is old.

Red Ribbon Tidings.

Ring out the bells with joyous chime
And let our hearts keep time,
Oh! spread the glorious news afar
All right along this line.

From Saginaw, 'way down the bay,
The boys are keeping time,
And now from Lansing comes the cry,
All right along this line,

At Bath, a little way-side town,
An echo floats in line,
And Laingsburg is the banner town,
All right along this line.

Owosso now connecting link,
And Bennington must join,
Chesaning, St. Charles and Oakley too,
All right along this line.

Ring out the bells, your colors float,
Our hearts keep joyful time,
Oh! spread the glorious news afar,
All right along this line.

Our Loved Ones.

So many have lately departed,
 Gone to the other shore—
 Just stepped over the threshold,
 Ne'er to come back any more;
 The aged one, foot-sore and weary,
 Who wanted to see Jesus so,
 Finished her work bright and early,
 That she might be ready to go;
 She lives now in yonder bright mansion,
 A bright and glorified star,
 But, thinking of dearly beloved ones,
 She left Heaven's door ajar.

Death's shafts fly swiftly and surely,
 Claiming the good and the true;
 No wonder the angels come quickly,
 Calling, dear Jennie, for you;
 The baby that ne'er saw its mother,
 Is now fast asleep by her side,
 While she who was once "Jennie's baby,"
 Now cheers the lonely fireside;
 We hope that for thee it was given,
 To leave all that earth held so dear—
 We hope we may meet thee again
 In Heaven, where there's never a tear.

Another, who loved little children,
 And gathered them oft at her knee,
 To tell them of Jesus and Heaven,
 And teach them God's children to be;
 She heard and obeyed the glad summons,
 Rejoicing His servant to be,
 Remembering the words of our Saviour,
 "In-as-much as ye did it to me." [u]ish,
 Cease, mourner: Oh cease, then, your ang-
 And think of the victory they've won—
 Death, suffering and sin they have van-
 quished.

The cross they've exchanged for a crown.

A Quiet Christmas.

Ah yes: It is Christmas,
 "And all through the house
Not a creature is stirring,
 Not even a mouse."

The children who once
 Made us merry with laughter
'Till the echoes—awoke
 Even up to the rafters;

And down in the cellar
 Each boy found his way,
And with pockets well filled
 No longer need stay.

But up by the fire
 Concluded to stop
And enjoyed seeing
 The snowy corn pop.

Then with music and song
 How the moments flew by.
Sweet memories these
 Of the sweet bye-and-bye.

But our children have grown
 To be strong, noble men,
And our daughter the fairest
 Of our children seven.

And up in that home
 Where no partings can come
There's a daughter to welcome
 Us, all to that home.

Our children are dwelling
 By mountain and sea,
And the youngest is roaming
 O'er ocean and lea.

But their voices still blend
In my memory to-day,
And I see each dear face
Though so far, far away.

Each one has a mission
On earth to fulfill,
In our Master's vineyard
There is soil to till.

May each do his duty
Each one do their part,
To bring peace and love
To each loving heart.

Then, with gifts of remembrance
And loving letters to read,
We will thank Thee, our Father
For supplying our need;

And trust thee to bring
Us together once more
To that flower strewn land
On the Pacific shore.

Laingsburg, Dec. 25, 1889.

Memorial Day.

Bring rosemary for remembrance
Of our soldier boys to-day;
We pinned it on their uniforms
When they gaily marched away,
All wearied with the conflict,
How peacefully they lie
'Neath the waving Southern holly,
And the cloud-flecked Northern sky.
For their graves are widely scattered
O'er the land that they have blessed;
The green mounds of our heroes,
Link the East unto the West.

Hetonka.

Come listen to Hetonka's praise
While here for you a song we raise,
So listen to our sweetest lays
 My brother, Oh my brother.
Our Indian friends are very brave
And wise, in order us to save
From pain and death and early grave,
 My brother, Oh my brother.
 Hetonka is our friend.

Hetonka's fame has ever stood
To save our men and womanhood,
From rheumatism, it is good,
 My brother, Oh my brother.
Then let us sing Hetonka's fame
Our medicines of every name,
But put the allopaths to shame,
 My brother, Oh my brother.
 Hetonka is our friend.

For nature is a friend indeed
Who fills her storehouses with seed,
With roots and herbs and flowery mead,
 My brother, Oh my brother.
The Indian is nature's child,
Who first, in this, our country, wild
Saw these were good and sweetly smiled.
 My brother, Oh my brother.
 Hetonka is our friend.

Last Words.

Dedicated to the Memory of
JAMES S. HALL of Canisteo, N. Y., who
died of heart failure June 27, 1890 at the
home of his sister Mrs. H. R. Sharpe of
Laingsburg, Mich., where, by invitation
with his wife and daughter he attended the
wedding of his niece, Miss Carrie Sharpe,
June 18. '90.

"What did you say, dear father?"
Said a loving daughter's voice,
As she listened for the tones
That once made her heart rejoice.
Again, in whispered words he said,
While softly fell her tears—
"My darling, only daughter,
I am only saying my prayers."

And soon the youngest sister
Who once in childish glee,
Around his fireside played
And sat upon his knee—
She heard a murmuring sound,
"Dear brother, speak to me"—
"Nearer my God to thee—
Nearer to thee."

The loving wife and mother
Still lingered by his side,
As lovingly as when
He claimed her as his bride.
No words come as a token,
Only a loved embrace—
While love and joy unbroken
Glowed on his dying face.

No loving, tender message,
Could he send those noble boys.
Who waited for his coming,
With true and heart-felt joys.
And other loved ones hastened
To his side. All hearts were stirred
As they listened to the murmur
Of his solemn, dying word.

Sweet echoes of the bridal
Had scarcely died away
Ere this noble, oldest brother
Came back to us, one day.
And strangers gently fanned him—
Then they bore his form away,
To the loved ones who were waiting
In the home so far away.

The look was sweet and peaceful
That rested o'er his brow,
And we know his spirit wanders
O'er paths of glory now.
So let us pray, that God
Our brother, father—be
“Nearer my God to thee,
Nearer to thee.”

“He Being Dead, Yet Speaketh.”

Ah, must we grieve for thee
Our gentle brother, friend!
Was no physician near,
A helping hand to lend?
To heal thy heavy load of pain,
And make thee well and free again,
Thy happy home to cheer.

We will not grieve for thee,
For a kind friend was near;
He pittied thy complaint
And lent a listening ear:
He bore thy sorrows, healed thy woes—
His heart with sympathy o'eflows,
At sight of every tear.

We will rejoice with thee,
That in the springtime of thy life
Jesus himself drew near,
And sweetly whispered to thy heart,
"My son be of good cheer."
"Believe in me I am the way,"
My strength's sufficient for the day,
Look up and never fear.

Rejoice, rejoice with me,
Look not within the grave,
And think that I am there;
Jesus hath need of me
In yonder happy sphere;
My work on earth's already done.
In heaven I'll wear the victor's crown—
Jesus in love draws near.

We will rejoice with thee
That at the dawning of the year
Ministering angels came:
"'Tis right" "all's well" he calmly said,
"For me, shed not a tear:
Rejoice, rejoice, the victory is won
Thy will, O God, alone be done—
My home is near."

To Alice.

How beautiful is love unspoken,
Though typified by love's own token;
The work of loving heart and hands,
Fond memory holds the scattered strands
So linked with all that is good and true,
'Twas all the aching heart could do.

Some cannot speak the love they feel
But like the organ's dying peal
It vibrates through their being;
But the mind's mysterious feeling.
Tender look and eyes soft beaming,
Tell the story of love's dreaming.

Softly fades away the day
Filled with youth's fond dreams away,
But the morrow shines as bright
As though there never had been night.
Emblem of that brighter home
Where no shadows ever come.

Ring out again, the viol's strain
Music is a friend to joy and pain;
Let it not lie and sigh alone,
But let it breathe a more joyous tone;
For there are roses blooming still,
And there are hearts who fain would fill
Your life with joy. Be glad and gay,
And life will seem one happy day.

The roses, music, song, are ours;
Life and sweetness in the breath of flowers
Store not in marble urns away,
Give those rare gifts away each day,
To the poor, the perfume of the flowers;
To the sad, soft music's soothing powers.
Back to our lives their influence comes.
And "love" finds voice in lute and songs.

Memories of Home.

Walking amid the shadows,
Around the orchard green,
Looking among the branches
To see the sunlight sheen,
Cutting away the thick boughs
To let the daylight through,
This is the only work—
Our father now can do.

The trees that he once planted,
In the long, long time ago,
When in the prime of his manhood,
He set them in a row,
When children in their gambols,
In all their boyish glee
Followed him over the greensward,
To hold each tiny tree.

But now the boys are leaving
The well worn paths of home,
Striving in busy manhood,
Mid other scenes to roam,
But never once forgetting
Parents and sister dear,
As the memories that linger
Around the old hearth stone here.



Our Pioneers.

Read at the Fiftieth Anniversary of the
Shiawassee Baptist Association.

What shall the record of fifty years be,
The record of half a century?
Memory answers, I know full well,
Their toils and trials, heart-throbs will tell
All the sacrifices, pioneers made
In the days when Baptist history was laid
Where are our fathers? where are they?
Ah! Memory say, they passed away,
But their work follows, to-day,
We reap what they sewed, alway.

They came from the Eastern main,
Never to go to old homes again,
Toiled with their hands, the earth to till
Built cabin homes with a hearty will.
Christian freemen, the soil they trod
In humble confidence in God
They met to pray in barn and home,
Waiting for better times to come
When they could, their offerings bring
To build a temple to our King.

Church homes, as if by magic sprung,
And hymns of solemn joy were sung,
For God had blessed the labor of their
hands

And joined them in associational bands.
To-day the records sweetly tell
Of pioneers' work done well,
Let us rejoice in this centennial year
That earnest labors, rich fruitage bear.
And though our rainbow shines through
tears
Let us be faithful through coming years.

Oh! churches of the living God,
Pursue the path our sires have trod,
List to appeals, for all the world;
Let the banner of the cross be unfurled,
Lift high the standard; onward move;
Our Leader is the God of love;
On, on, through all the land we pray,
Scatter the gospel seed to-day,
Then, in the next centennial year
Our labors shall a harvest bear.

To A Dying Friend.

Fading, slowly fading
Like a fair spring blossom,
Going, calmly going
To sleep on thy Savior's bosom.

Leaving, gladly leaving
Objects of earth so dear,
Going to Heaven, going,
A golden crown to wear.

Breaking, gently breaking
Affection's tender ties,
Waiting, gladly waiting
Thy summons to the skies.

Her words are sweetly sounding
Mother, I am going home,
Loved ones now cease your weeping
I'll greet you when you come.

Weep Not.

Two little graves
Side by side,
They've opened the door
Of heaven wide.

Two little forms lie sleeping
Beneath their turf-bound bed,
Two little ones rejoicing
By gentle streams are led.

Two little forms are resting
Upon the Savior's breast,
Suffer them to come He said,
To me, they shall be blest.

Two little stars are added
Unto the Saviour's crown;
For little ones He died,
They surely are His own.

Two voices now repeating
The song of Jesus' love,
Swelling the choral strain
From infant lips above.

Wait at the door
And catch the strain;
Weep not for me,
We'll meet again.

The Contrast.

Oh! God can it be, on each side our street
That scenes so different, our visions meet,
One lies in shadow, the shadow of death,
The other gives out a life-giving breath.
Oh! why is this difference, why does darkness rest

On one, while light crowns the other with
golden crest?

Oh! why do the fathers, brothers and sons
Go yonder, within its dark shadows alone,
Instead of crossing, just over the street,
And meeting with those, would joyfully
greet,

Them in our temperance home each night
Where all is pleasant, joyful and bright?

Oh! ye who do business upon the dark side
And ye who by stealth within those doors
glide

What is there so cheering, so attractive
to all?

And yet over the scene you throw a dark
pall,

Why darken your windows? why shut out
the light?

What is there that you would screen from
our sight?

Ah! I see, there's the shadow, no sign is
more clear,

Behind the curtain there stands two barrels of beer.

Why close your doors, and hide from our
view?

Why not let us see all the good you can do?
Then open them wide, let us get an insight
Of all that is done over there each night.

We challenge you fairly, let us prove now
our works,
Let us search out the serpent and see
where it lurks,
Is it hid 'mid the flowers of hope, truth,
and love?
Is its record of death recorded above?
Ah! I see, in the glass, which you gaily
pass 'round.
The serpent lies coiled, ready to spring
with a bound,
Oh! God wilt thou help us, our friends to
remove?
For see, the serpent is begining to move
Yes! higher and higher, it is circling now
Just ready to spring at some loved one's
brow,
Great God! wilt thou help, ere it be too
late.
To save our boys from a drunkard's fate.

Let us turn to the bright side, how bright-
ly the beams
Of light, over the darkness and shadows
now gleams.
Telling of home joys and a welcome to all
Our friends, whenever they give us a call.
You will find in our room, hearts tender
and true
And earnest in feeling sympathy for you
Who feel the power of the tempter to-day
And need but a word to lead you astray.
Oh listen to-night to the voice of a friend
Who is ready a helping hand to lend.
Oh turn from the dark side, we pray thee
to-night
Come over we'll help you. *Dare to do right.*

Come brothers and sisters, let us unite
In making our temperance homes more
 bright
Let the words we speak and the songs we
 sing
Have in them always, a true temperance
 ring.
Let us all wear the ribbons, be loyal and
 true
Emblematic of love and purity too,
Let us labor with courage; perhaps' we
 can save
Someone from filling a drunkard's grave.
Come weary, wandering brother, come
Enjoy the light of our temperance home
With music's soft tones, we'll greet you
 each night
And help you forever to dare to do right.

Brothers, To The Rescue.

Our good old ship has sailed
Through many stormy seas,
But still our dear old flag
Is floating in the breeze.
A greater storm is coming
It darkens every brow,
If you would save our ship
Don't vote for license now.

Then brothers, to the rescue
In the storm that is coming sure.
Each freeman do his duty
And vote for Prohibition Pure.

Don't vote for any party
That will not save our homes,
But labor on, and wait
Till Prohibition comes.

Blessed Are The Pure In Heart.

Pure in heart O! Lord I pray
Let me live from day to day,
Let every act and word of mine
Say, Lord, I am entirely thine.
Purity shining in every word,
Purity, deep, in the heart when stirred:
By the voice of love and sympathy
Then dearest Lord, O! let me be
Strong, with thine arm around me thrown
Strong, in thy love, and thine alone.
And when, by storms and tempest driven
I fail to see my home in heaven,
Then may the light of perfect day,
Descend within my heart, I pray,
Pure, shining from above,
A token of my Father's love,
That guides me in the narrow way
And leads my steps from day to day.
That lifts the cross, so hard to bear,
And gives them to the Savior's care,
Upon the rock the cross now rests;
Let me recline upon thy breast.
A child of love Oh! let me be,
My heart so full of sympathy
For those who feel the deathly sting
Of sin—it is a bitter thing.
So pure in heart, Oh! let me be
That I shall live in heaven with thee.

Bakersfield,

Out of the ashes arises the new
Showing what faith and true courage can
do;

Courage to hope and patience to wait,
Courage to work though weary and faint
Showing what men with true purpose can
do

When the motive to labor is inspiring too
Out of the past the future will grow
Bright with the love honest efforts bestow
Homes will arise, more beautiful far
Than those, now reduced to ashes were.

Homes gilded o'er with hope's radiant star
Will rise, in their beauty and influence far
More enticing to win from the far-off East
Those wishing to enjoy Dame nature's
glad feast

Of roses and lillies and mistletoe bough
Enlivening the scene while o'er mountain's
brow

The purest of snow is distinctly seen,
Making it all like a fairy dream.
Beautiful land of sun and flowers.
God's blessing descends in gentle showers.

Keep from those new and beautiful homes
An evil that stalks abroad in the gloom,
Search out mid the leaves of the flowers too
The serpent, which coils to spring on you
When least expected, its poisoned breath
Will bring to your home the knell of death.
Then rise in the might of your manhood,
we pray

Drive from your town this monster away
Pure, from its ashes, let Bakersfield rise
And anthems of joy will ascend to the skies.

We Are Going Home To Mother.

This poem was written for, and was read by the author's brother-in-law Mr. J. H. Osborn of Tecumseh, Michigan, at a family reunion at the home of his mother in Elkhart, Indiana, November 24th, 1889, that being her Eightieth birthday,

We hear a voice, a loving voice,
Calling us home together;
Oh, it makes our hearts rejoice,
Each sister dear and brother,
To think that after many days,
For years we have not met,
But now our many sundered ways
Are drawing nearer yet,

For we have heard our mother's voice,
Calling her children home,
To greet, and with herself rejoice
That eighty years have come.
But soon her footsteps will draw near,
Another, heavenly home,
Where loved ones beckon her,
Our mother dear to come.

So we will clasp each other's hands,
With loving hearts and true,
To join once more the family band,
And prove our love to you.
We thank our Heavenly Father,
For this gathering to-day;
May we all meet together,
To spend eternity, we pray.

The following lines were also written for the occasion, by her son, Mr. B. A. Osborn

of Saginaw, Michigan, who was present.
and arranged for the next at his home.

With joyful hearts, we're gathered here,
Again to meet with mother dear:
'This anniversary, year's four score,
That she has dwelt on this earthly shore.
Brow furrowed deep with marks of time.
She still is spared to meet her nine,
Five sons are here, and daughters four:
But some are on that other shore.
Two brothers gone, and father there,
At rest in peace from toil and care.
But though, of loved ones we're bereft,
We'll thankful be that we are left
To cheer dear mother's lonely life,
Till she is called from earthly strife,
And when, ere long, we too have gone
To dwell in that eternal home,
May we in that bright world above,
Be joined again with those we love.
Now brothers, sisters, one and all,
Prepare yourself for that last call,
Then, by God's grace, shall mother's eleven
Be joined again, above, in heaven.

Eighty To-day.

Cares wrinkled the brow of dear mother.

Her hair is now turned quite gray;
One hardly would think so, to see her,
That mother is eighty to-day.

Her children have all gathered round her.

They have come from homes far away,
To show their love and affection
For Mother, who's eighty to-day.

Oft, in our youth, would she chide us,
 When determined to have our own way
 Kind words of advice did she give us,
 Our mother who is eighty to-day.
 And while we sojourn here together,
 With kind words we'll cheer her lone way
 Till she hears God's call, (come up higher,)
 To our mother, who is eighty to-day.
 And when the last trump shall be sounded
 And heaven and earth pass away,
 May we all meet with mother in heaven,
 Dear mother, just eighty to-day.

God's Finger Touched Her, and She Slept.

God made the lovely flowers,
 Some bright and rare,
 Others more beauteous are,
 And some so sweet and fair
 They cannot stand the storms that sweep;
 God touches them, they gently sleep.

God givs us loved ones here,
 To grace our home;
 Filled with affection, dear
 To our hearts, become.
 God sees our treasures will not keep,
 So touches them, they gently sleep.

God chastens, but in love,
 And firmly holds the rod,
 That lifts our souls above,
 While low beneath the sod
 Our loved ones lie, softly weep,
 God touches them, they gently sleep.

Light Beyond.

Light has broken through the darkness,
O'er the mountain, see it comes;
Bringing light, and peace, and gladness,
To those far-off heathen homes.
Yes! a ray of light is gleaming,
Hope and mercy in its beam,
And the brightness of its shining
Makes the darkness, darker seem.
Souls who never dreamed of gladness,
Homes where love-light never came,
Darkened lives now filled with brightness,
Rejoicing in a Saviour's name.
What a change the gospel maketh,
Turning darkness into light;
Bonds of caste, the gospel breaketh,
Making lives and homes more bright.
Bringing peace where discord reigneth,
Hope, where all was dark despair,
Life and love, the gospel bringeth,
Joy and beauty everywhere.
But the glorious light of morning,
Stealing o'er the mountain's brow;
Promises, even in its dawning,
What the future will bestow.
Glorious gospel! light of heaven,
Shining in their darkened homes,
Tells them now of sins forgiven,
Tells them of a world to come.
Christian sisters! can you tarry
When there is so much to do?
Hasten quickly then to carry
O'er the mountain, this glad news.
Glorious news! a free salvation
To all nations, bond and free;
Carry them, the blessed tidings,
Over mountain, land and sea.

See the heathen mothers standing
With their children by the door.
With their hands, their faces shading,
Watching as the light streams o'er.
O'er the mountain, see it shining,
Brighter, brighter now it gleams,
Each fond heart with rapture filling,
Changed indeed becomes the scene.
Those who once in darkness sitting,
Welcome give the man of God,
Gently listen to his teaching,
Kneel with him upon the sod.
Shall I paint a scene so truly,
Make it seem as real to you,
Listen! I will tell the story,
Just as it really happened too:
Clinging to the mountain sides,
Villages are thickly spread;
Down, a gentle stream doth glide,
Palm trees waving overhead,
Down the narrow pathway treading,
Came a band of faithful ones,
All, in songs of praises joining,
As the teacher leads them on.
Hear a signal call ascending,
Breaks the solemn stillness there,
And in answering shouts resounding,
Wakes the echoes, far and near.
By the water now they linger,
Stepping in its liquid depths,
Man of God! with lifted finger
Tells them now of Jesus' death.
Buried then, they were, with Jesus,
Buried in His life and death,
Let us join in joyful chorus,
All with one united breath.
Praises, let us sing to Jesus,
He who saved us, bond and free,

Hallelujah! swell the chorus,
Let it sound o'er land and sea.
Years have passed, and blessed tidings.
Cheer us as we labor now,
For the glorious light is shining,
Full upon that mountain's brow.
Idols now are lying broken,
Millions now to Jesus bow,
Heathen gods are now forsaken,
The God of heaven is worshipped now.
Far beyond fair India's mountain,
Where are valleys, hills and plain.
Till beyond the grand old ocean,
Echoes back the glad refrain.
Christ is King! all heaven rejoices.
And the earth repeats, Amen.
Sisters, let us join our voices
In one grand Millennial hymn.

An Appeal.

Sisters, can you longer wait?
Toiling early, toiling late,
Working only for thine own,
Leaving noble work undone, . .
Sisters, hear ye not the cry,
Save us! save us! or we die.
Waiting, waiting Ah, so long,
Never on thy lips a song,
Weary children almost dead,
Never by God's finger led.
Sisters, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wait for Christ, and sometimes weep.
Weep for sinners, lost, undone,
Labor on, but not alone,

I am with thee, Jesus said.
Wheresoe'er thy feet are led,
Sisters, trustingly obey,
Toiling faithfully each day.

Sisters, there is work to do,
Work for all, for me, for you.
Comes, the cry from far and near,
In our land, wide fields appear,
And the Freedmen's plaintive cry.
On Southern winds is passing by

Welcome sisters, to our bands,
Let us work with willing hands,
And our hearts imbued with love,
Strength will come from God above,
Sisters rally, then to-day,
Help us toil, and give, and pray.

Woman's Fair Name.

Fresh from mother's loving lips,
Ere baby's hands and finger tips
Have learned that 'tis the lot of man
To toil for bread, while others scan
Her actions, be they good or bad,
Not caring if our hearts are sad,
Or what the hidden motive be,
Which prompts the actions that we see.

Woman's fair name—so sweet a thing
That angels pause on quivering wing
To hear the sound, then fly away,
Bright guardians of the night and day,
But baby grows, and ere we know
The days of childhood quickly go,
And in our home a woman stands.
Beset with cares on every hand.

Fair beauty, innocence and grace,
Like radiant gems adorn her face,
While intellect, the crowning gem,
Adds to her brow its diadem,
Then in the pleasant walks of life,
As daughter, sister, or loving wife,
She meets with those who feel the same,
And love to call her by her name.

But, often in this world of ours,
We meet with thorns as well as flowers;
So when a woman daily toils
'Tis hard that others, then, should soil
Her name, and make it hard to bear
The burdens that we all should share,
Oh, is it not a galling shame
To tarnish woman's precious name?

Then deem it not a little thing,
To whisper words whose hidden spring,
Is that dark brood by discord sent,
Pride, envy, jealousy and discontent,
In mercy's name then, spare the sting,
That wrankles deep—the shadowing
Of slander, and do thou, instead,
But think of Him who simply said—
“He who hath sinned not, cast a stone,”
The fair accused must stand alone;

Her persecutors shrink away,
All self-condemned, for none can say,—
“Behold me, Lord, faultless I am,
Unmarred by sin, a perfect man.”
Then rob her not of her fair name;
Dye not her cheek with a blush of shame,
That e'en in *thought*, her name should be
Linked with the word impurity.
God help us all, with truth to claim
That priceless boon, a spotless name.

In Memoriam.

Faithfully her pledge she kept,
And only for her loved ones wept,
Gladly she heard the summons come;
Come weary child, there's rest at home.
She longed to join the happy throng,
And find her little one among
The little children gathered there;
Where all is Heavenly and fair.

She gave her noble womanhood,
To earnest thought for babyhood,
To teach the boy to be a man,
After God's wise and loving plan,
To teach them nature's simple ways,
Uniting knowledge with their plays:
Dear sisters, may her mantle fall
Upon each worker one and all.

Precious the vows we've humbly made,
Ourselves upon the altar laid
To save, to wait at His, God's will,
A willing service to fulfil.
Grant us, dear Father, strength each day;
And faith to labor and to pray;
Her dying words, bequeathed to us,
So full of love. Glory to Jesus!

The touch of God's finger laid her low,
His loving voice that bade her go;
His hand that beckoned her away
To realms of everlasting day;
How short her life, yet full of woe;
The sin of others grieved her so,
For these she toiled, for them she sighed;
She gave her life, for them she died.

Our Banquet---1890.

We are seated around the tables
Of our banqueting hall to-day,
The aged sire and matron,
The youth and maiden gay.
We represent the faiths
Which reign in hearts to-day,
A spirit that will conquer
And drive this curse away.

We miss to-day the snow-flakes
At this season of the year,
They come as gentle messengers
Bringing to all good cheer.
We represent to-day,
A power that will bring
A shower of pure white ballots,
Our New Year's offering.

So onward! cheer, my brothers,
Fresh courage take to-day,
There's an enemy before you
Strong, and in battle array.
But your sisters are in earnest,
Strong is the tie that binds;
In sympathy we labor—
One in action, one in mind.

Let us work, and pray together,
Unflinching meet the foe,
Heroicly: the martyr faith
Inspiring: strike the steady blow.
Leaving the past behind us
Working with soul and might—
God helping us we'll labor
'Till wrong shall be made right.

All hail: this New Year's day
And bless the spirit in our land,
Which joins the aged and the young
In Prohibition bands.
God help our boys and girls
To sing: and firmly stand,
To fight it out on this line
For God and native land.

Be True.

Wherever we are,
Whatever we do,
Let us strive to do right—
Let us ever be true.

So much there is false
In this world of ours,
We gather thorns
When we look for flowers.

E'en friendship's smile
Is often sad,
When friends prove false
Who once were glad.

Be true to ourselves,
Be true to our God,
Then with living faith
Obey his word.

Then when life is o'er
Our pilgrimage done
Oh! Heaven will be true,
A crown will be won.

To Jessie On Her Birthday.

I think of thee JESSIE, when the goldenrod
 blooms,
For you know how we loved its feathery
 plumes
As it danced in the sunlight, in storm, or
 in shade;
As it grows on the hillside, in marshes, or
 glade.
How regal it stands amid grasses and
 weeds
Alone, yet widely scattering its seeds,
That the future a bountiful harvest may
 yield
As it grows on the roadside, valley and
 field,
Everywhere blooming, its rich, sunny
 smiles,
Many a summer hour beguiles.
Let us stand alone like the goldenrod
Striving to do the will of God.
Then, it blooms on your birthday, we
 love it well
For many a story of you it tells,
When at home, with your friends, in sum-
 mer hours
You roamed at will to gather flowers,
And brought home bundles of goldenrod,
With its colors so bright, and gentle nod,
Emblem of all that's youthful and true,
A symbol of love, dear Jessie, and you
As you stood in our home one bright star
Gleaming upon us now, from afar,
Still aim to be Jessie, like the goldenrod,
Submissively bowing to the will of God.

Our nation's emblem this sunny flower
Grows in any state in this land of ours,
Its beautiful plumes wave for rich and
poor,
Gracing even the cottage door.
Emblem of wealth with its golden hue,
Of plentiful harvests and fruitage too.
A queen among grasses, and flowers and
weeds,
Emblematic of truth, kind words and
good deeds.
So darling, be willing to stand alone
As queen of home, and let music's tone
Breathe forth your love, and trust in God
Who gave us this flower, the goldenrod.

Life on the Rockies.

Upon the rocky mountain heights
Where miner's cabin rests,
Emblems of God's power and might,
Crowned o'er with snow-white crest.
Within the mountain's bosom sleeps
Treasures but little known,
Except by prospectors who toil
And labor all alone.
Away from home and loving friends,
From all that earth holds dear,
Away from sympathy and love
He toils in silence there.
And weary stood with tired feet
Where man ne'er stood before,
And views with wonder and delight
Scenes full of solemn awe.
How mighty are those ranges,
How hard those granite walls,

Where silence reigns supreme
But God is seen in all.
What wonderful panorama
Of mountain—hill and plain,
Lit up with radiant sunsets
As when morning comes again.

Great God, be with my boy to-night,
In his lonely cabin home,
Grant him success, reward his toil,
That he may hasten home.
We long to see his sunny smile,
To clasp his loving hand ;
And welcome once again
An unbroken family band.
But more than all, dear Father,
Reveal thy love to him,
May every running stream or flower
Fresh inspiration bring.

May his life upon the Rockies
Unfold his inmost soul,
To love the God of nature
His youthful heart control.
To love the principles of truth
And all that is good and pure.
May his character be strengthened
Like the granite to endure.
Amid the rugged paths of life
Oh, God, be thou his guide,
And let the sunshine of thy love
Surround his path alway.



Dialogue, for Alton.

Q.—What do you know about Jesus?

Ans.—That He is the Son of God.

Q.—Does He love little children?

A.—Yes—for He said in His word, “Suffer little children to come unto Me.”

Q.—What more does he say?

A.—He told them to feed His lambs.

Q.—Are we Jesus’ little lambs?

A.—Yes, he came as a little child, that we may be saved.

Q.—What can we do for him?

A.—Show our love—by attending Sabbath School, to study His holy word.

Some little thing for Jesus
We can do every day,
And love Him in our hearts
Even while we play.

Let us ask Him to make us good; and
let us love our teachers, who try to do us
good.

The Seasons.

The Spring-time is passing away,
The Summer is gliding along,
Let us work with a will while we stay,
Oft cheering our labor with song.

The Autumn winds surely will come,
Stern Winter will not linger long,
Our work cheerfully, faithfully done,
Our reward—a glad welcome home.

Comforting Thoughts.

I am breathing the breath of flowers,
So precious and so sweet,
They tell of hope and Heaven
And happiness complete.
Where spirits roam with pleasure
Along the golden streets,
Where angel sisters gather
Our weary ones to greet.

I am thinking of our sister
Who passed from us away.
Flowers tell of life and beauty
And yet they will decay.
So these frail bodies wither,
Stay with us but a day,
While our immortal spirits
Live through eternity.

So let us love the flowers,
Fair messengers of God,
He taught from them true lessons
As here on earth he trod,
Of patience and submission
While passing under the rod,
And causes them to spring
From out the grassy sod.

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